MEMOIRS

OF THE YEAR

TWO THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED.

Le Tems preſent eſt gros de l'Avenir.

LEIBNITZ.

Tranſlated from the French

By W. HOOPER, M. D.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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ERRATA.

Page 40. note, line 1. for *Promotheus* read *Promitheus*. Page 65. note, line 4. for *conteſtible* read *inconteſtible*. Page 80. note, line 8. for *faculty* read *faculties*. Page 233, line 6. for 867 read 1867.

MEMOIRS

OF THE YEAR

Two Thouſand Five Hundred.

CHAP. I.

The King's Library.

AN unlucky door, placed near to my pillow, by creeking on its hinges, totally diſconcerted my ideas. I loſt ſight of my guide, and of the city; but as the mind is continually agitated by the ſcene that has once made a ſtrong impreſſion, I happily returned to my dream. I was now quite alone; it was broad day; and by a natural propenſity I found myſelf in the king's library; but more than once was I under the neceſſity of aſſuring myſelf that it was ſo.

In the room of thoſe four galleries of an immenſe length, and which contained many thouſands of volumes, I could find only one ſmall cloſet, in which were ſeveral books that ſeemed to me far from voluminous. Surpriſed at ſo great a change, I ventured to aſk if ſome fatal conflagration had not devoured that rich collection?—"Yes," they replied; "it was a conflagration; but by our own hands was it deſignedly allumined."

Perhaps I have forgot to tell you, that theſe are the moſt affable people in the world; that they ſhew a very particular regard for age; and that they do not reply to inquiries, in the manner of the French, by anſwering with a queſtion. The librarian, who was a man of real learning, preſented himſelf to me; and, well conſidering all the objections, as well as reproaches, that I made, he gave me the following account.

"Convinced, by the moſt ſtrict obſervation, that the mind is embarraſſed by a thouſand extrinſic difficulties, we were ſenſible that a numerous library was the ſeat of the greateſt

extravagancies and the moſt idle chimeras. In your time, to the diſgrace of reaſon, men firſt wrote and then thought. We follow the oppoſite courſe; and have therefore deſtroyed all thoſe authors who buried their thoughts under a monſtrous heap of words or phraſes.

"NOTHING leads the mind farther aſtray than bad books; for the firſt notions being adopted without attention, the ſecond become precipitate concluſions; and men thus go on from prejudice to prejudice, and from error to to error. What remained for us to do, but to rebuild the ſtructure of human knowledge? This project appeared of infinite labour; but, in fact, we found it only neceſſary to deſtroy thoſe uſeleſs fabrics that hid from us the true point of view; as the Louvre became a new building by ſweeping away the ruins that ſurrounded it. The ſciences, amidſt this labyrinth of books, were in a perpetual circulation, returning inceſſantly to the ſame point; and the exaggerated idea of their riches ſerved only to conceal their real indigence.

" In fact, what did that multitude of volumes contain? For the moſt part, nothing more than perpetual repetitions of the ſame thing. Philoſophy preſented itſelf to us under the image of a ſtatue, always celebrated, always copied, but never embelliſhed; it appeared ſtill more perfect in the original. It ſeemed to degenerate in all the copies of ſilver and gold that have ſince been made of it; doubtleſs, it was more beautiful when carved in wood by a hand almoſt ſavage, than when covered with extrinſic ornaments. Since men, from a wretched indolence, have given themſelves up to the opinion of others, they have neceſſarily become ſervile imitators, deſtitute of invention and originality. What immenſe projects, what ſublime ſpeculations, have been extinguiſhed by the breath of opinion! Time has brought down to us nothing but thoſe empty, glaring notions that have been applauded by the multitude, while it has ſwallowed up thoſe ſtrong and bold thoughts, which were too ſimple to pleaſe the vulgar.

" As our days are ſhort, and ought not to be conſumed in a puerile philoſophy, we have given

given a deciſive ſtroke to the miſerable controverſies of the ſchools."—What have you done? Proceed, if you pleaſe.—" By an unanimous conſent, we brought together, on a vaſt plain, all thoſe books which we judged either frivolous, uſeleſs, or dangerous; of theſe we formed a pyramid, that reſembled, in height and bulk, an enormous tower; it was certainly another Babel. Journals crowned this ſtrange edifice; and it was covered, on all ſides, with ordinances of biſhops, remonſtrances of parliaments, petitions, and funeral orations; it was compoſed of five or ſix hundred thouſand commentators, of eight hundred thouſand volumes of law, of fifty thouſand dictionaries, of a hundred thouſand poems, of ſixteen hundred thouſand voyages and travels, and of a milliard (*a*) of romances. This tremendous maſs we ſet on fire, and offered it as an expiatory ſacrifice to veracity, to good ſenſe, and true taſte. The flames greedily devoured the follies of mankind, as well ancient as modern; the fire continued long. Some authors ſaw themſelves burning alive; their cries, however, could not extin-

(*a*) *A thouſand millions.*

guiſh the flames. We found, notwithſtanding, amidſt the embers, ſome pages of the works of P——, of De la H——, of the abbé A——; for they were ſo extremly frigid, that the fire could have no effect on them.

"WE have therefore done from an enlightened zeal, what the barbarians once did from one that was blind: however, as we are neither unjuſt, nor like the Sarrazins, who heated their baths with the chef d'oeuvres of literature, we have made an election; thoſe of the greateſt judgment amongſt us have extracted the ſubſtance of thouſands of volumes, which they have included in a ſmall duodecimo; not unlike thoſe ſkilful chemiſts, who concenter the virtues of many plants in a ſmall phial, and caſt aſide the refuſe (*a*).

"WE

(*a*) On this globe, all is revolution: the minds of men vary to an infinity the national character, alter books, and make them no longer to be known. Is there any one author, if he reflects, that can reaſonably indulge himſelf in the hope of not being deſpiſed by the next generation? Do we not deride our anceſtors? Can we ſay what progreſs our children may make? Have we any idea of the ſecrets that may ſuddenly ſpring from out of the boſom of nature?

"We have abridged what ſeemed of moſt importance; the beſt have been reprinted; and the whole corrected according to the true principles of morality. Our compoſers are a ſet of men eſtimable and dear to the nation; to knowledge they have added taſte; and as they are capable of producing, they have made a judicious ſelection. We have remarked, to ſpeak juſtly, that it appertains to the ages of philoſophy only, to produce a ſmall number of works. In yours, when real knowledge was not ſufficiently eſtabliſhed, it was neceſſary to bring together a great number of materials. The labourer muſt work before the architect.

"At the beginning, each ſcience is treated in parts; every one applies his attention to that portion which has fallen to his lot. By this method the ſmalleſt details are obſerved; nothing

nature? Do we completely know the extent of the human underſtanding? Where is the work that is founded on a real knowledge of the human heart, on the nature of things, on right reaſon? Does not our phyſics preſent us an ocean with whoſe coaſts we are yet ſcarce acquainted? How ridiculous, therefore, is that pride, which ignorantly pretends to preſcribe the bounds of any art."

can eſcape. It was neceſſary for you to make an innumerable quantity of books; it is our buſineſs to collect the ſcattered parts. The ignorant babble eternally; the learned and ſagacious ſpeak little, but well.

"THIS cloſet, that you ſee, contains thoſe books that have eſcaped the flames. Their number is ſmall; but by their merit they have obtained the approbation of our age."

I APPROACHED with curioſity; and, on examining the firſt diviſion, I found, that of the Greeks, they had preſerved Homer, Sophocles, Euripides, Demoſthenes, Plato, and particularly our friend Plutarch; but they had burned Heroditus, Sappho, Anacreon, and the vile Ariſtophanes. I would have defended, in ſome degree, the cauſe of Anacreon; but I was anſwered by the beſt reaſons in the world, though ſuch as I ſhall not here mention, becauſe they would not be intelligible to the preſent age.

IN the ſecond diviſion, appropriated to the Latin authors, I found Virgil, Pliny, and Titus Livy,

Livy (*a*) entire; but they had burned Lucretius, except ſome poetic paſſages, becauſe his phyſics they found falſe, and his morals dangerous. They had deſtroyed the tedious pleadings of Cicero, an able rhetor rather than a man of eloquence; but they had preſerved his philoſophic works, one of the moſt precious productions of antiquity. Salluſt alſo remained. Ovid and Horace (*b*) were purged; the Odes of the latter appeared far inferior to his Epiſtles. Seneca was reduced to one fourth part. Tacitus was preſerved; but, as his writings breathe a dark vapour that blackens the human race, and

(*a*) I have lately read this hiſtorian again; and I am convinced, that the virtue of the Romans conſiſted in ſacrificing the human race on the altar of their country. As citizens, they are to be applauded; as men, to be abhorred.

(*b*) This writer had all the delicacy, all the flowers of wit, every poſſible urbanity; he has, nevertheleſs, been too much admired in every age. His muſe inſpires a voluptuous repoſe, a lethargic ſlumber, a pliant and dangerous indifference; it, therefore, muſt pleaſe the courtier and every effeminate mind, whoſe whole morality is confined to the preſent moment, and to the enjoyment of ſoft and ſolitary pleaſures.

as we ought not to nouriſh a baſe idea of mankind, for tyrants are not of their number, the reading of this profound author was permitted to thoſe only whoſe hearts were well formed. Catullus and Petronius had vaniſhed in ſmoke. Quintilian was reduced to a volume of the ſmalleſt ſize.

THE third diviſion contained the Engliſh authors, and here I found the greateſt number of volumes. Here I ſaw all thoſe philoſophers that warlike, commerciant, and politic iſle hath produced; Milton, Shakeſpeare, Pope, Young (*a*), and Richardſon, here ſtill enjoyed their

(*a*) M. Tourneur has publiſhed a tranſlation of this poet, which has had the greateſt and moſt determined ſucceſs. Every one has read this moral work; *(the author muſt here allude to the Night Thoughts,)* every one admires that ſublime language, which elevates, cheers, and captivates the ſoul; becauſe it is founded on great truths, preſents great objects only, and derives all its dignity from their real grandeur. For my own part, I have never read any thing ſo original, ſo new, nor even ſo intereſting. I admire that profound ſentiment, which, though always the ſame, yet has an infinity of connexions and diverſities; it is a ſtream by which I am borne down; I am pleaſed with thoſe ſtrong and lively images whoſe boldneſs cor-

their full renown; their creative genius knew no reſtraint, while we are obliged to meaſure all our

correſpond with the ſubject to which they are applied. We there ſee, moreover, the moſt demonſtrative proofs of the immortality of the ſoul; in no part is the mind ſo much ſtruck as in this; the poet attacks the heart, ſubdues it, and deprives it of all power of contradiction; ſuch is the magic of expreſſion, the force of eloquence, that it leaves a poignant ſenſation in the mind.

Young is in the right, in my judgment, (though, in the tranſlator's note, cenſure has extorted a different opinion) when he aſſerts, that, without the proſpect of eternity and future rewards, virtue would be but a name, a chimera: *Aut virtus nomen inane eſt, aut decus et pretium recte petit experiens vir.* What is that good from which there reſults no good, either in this world or in the other? What good reſults, in this world, from virtue to ſuffering innocence? Aſk of a dying Brutus, a Cato, a Socrates. You there ſee ſtoicism at its laſt proof, and there it fairly diſcovers the vanity of the ſect. I remember, and ever ſhall remember, a ſtriking expreſſion of J. J. Rouſſeau to a friend of mine. He was ſpeaking of a propoſition made to him of making his fortune by a means that was diſgraceful, but of a nature to be kept ſecret. "Sir," he ſaid, "thank God, I am not a materialiſt; if I were, I ſhould not be worth more than all of them are. I know of no reward, but that which is attached to virtue."

I freely confeſs, that I am not more worthy than Rouſſeau; and would to God, that I were as worthy! but, if

our words; the fruitful energy of thoſe free ſouls was the admiration of a difficult age. That futile reproach we make them, of their want of taſte, was diſregarded by men, who, charmed with juſt and ſtrong ideas, could read with aſſiduity, and knew how to meditate on

I thought myſelf altogether mortal, I would inſtantly become my own deity; I would make all things ſubſervient to my divinity, that is, to myſelf; I would practiſe what they call virtue, when it promoted my pleaſure; and, in like manner, vice. I would rob to-day, to give to my friend or miſtreſs; quarrel with, and rob them to-morrow, to gratify ſome trifling pleaſure; and in all this I ſhould act very conſequentially, becauſe I ſhould always do that which is agreeable to my divinity; whereas, by loving virtue for the ſake of a reward, and that reward not being attached to arbitrary actions, I am obliged to govern myſelf, not by my momentary inclination, but by that invariable rule which the Eternal Legiſlator and Remunerator has preſcribed. It will therefore frequently happen, that I muſt do what I ought, though not what I pleaſe; and, if my liberty decides for that which is right, in oppoſition to a contrary inclination, then I do that which I would, not that with which I am pleaſed. If it had been the will of God to direct us by a love for goodneſs only, he would have given us a rational mind, without having added the ſenſibility of the heart; but he guides us by the proſpect of rewards, becauſe he has made us liable to paſſions and affections.

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what they had read. They had, however, cut off from the philoſophers thoſe dangerous ſceptics who would have ſhaken the foundations of morality; that virtuous people, influenced by what they felt, diſdained ſuch vain ſubtilties; for no argument could convince them that virtue was a chimera.

In the fourth diviſion were the Italian authors. The Jeruſalem Delivered, that moſt beautiful of all poems, was at the head of them. They had, however, burned a whole library of criticiſms againſt that enchanting poem. The celebrated Treatiſe on Crimes and Puniſhments had received all the perfection of which that important work was ſuſceptible. I was agreeably ſurpriſed to ſee a number of judicious and philoſophic works, which had aroſe from out the boſom of that nation. They had broke that taliſman which ſeemed to promiſe a perpetuity of ignorance and ſuperſtition amongſt them.

At laſt, I came to the French writers. I haſtily ſeized the firſt three volumes; they were Deſcartes, Montaigne, and Charron. Mon-

Montaigne had ſuffered ſome retrenchment; but as he is the philoſopher, who of all others was the beſt acquainted with human nature, his writings were preſerved, though all his ideas are not abſolutely irreproachable. The viſionary Malebranche, the gloomy Nicole, the unpitying Arnauld, and the cruel Bourdaloue, they had burned. All that related to ſcholaſtic diſputes was ſo completely deſtroyed, that when I ſpoke of the Provençial Letters and the deſtruction of the Jeſuits, the learned librarian made a very great anachroniſm, of which I informed him, and received a candid acknowledgment. I could never meet with thoſe Provençial Letters, nor the moſt modern hiſtory of that grand affair; they talked of the Jeſuits, as we at this day do of the Druids.

Into an oblivion, from whence they ſhould never come forth, were caſt that crowd of theologians called fathers of the church, writers the moſt ſophiſtic, the moſt whimſical, obſcure, and irrational, that were ever diametrically oppoſed to Locke or Clark. "They ſeem," ſaid the librarian, "to have ſet bounds to human inſanity."

I SEARCHED

I SEARCHED for, I examined the authors of my acquaintance. Heavens! what deſtruction! what mighty works evaporated in ſmoke! Where is that famous Bouſſet, who, in my time, figured in fourteen quarto volumes? I was anſwered, "They are all vaniſhed."—What! that eagle who ſoared to the higheſt regions of the air, that genius——"What, in conſcience, could we preſerve? That he had genius we allow (*a*); but to a wretched uſe did he apply it. We have adopted the maxim of Montaigne: *Let us not inquire who is the moſt learned, but who is the beſt learned.* The univerſal hiſtory of that Bouſſet was nothing more than a miſerable ſkeleton of chronology (*b*). It had

(*a*) What benefit might not human reaſon have received from ſuch men as Luther, Calvin, Melanchthon, Eraſmus, Bouſſet, Paſchal, Arnauld, Nicole, &c. if they had employed their genius in attacking the errors of the human mind, in improving morality, legiſlation, and phyſics, inſtead of oppoſing or eſtabliſhing ridiculous dogmas!

(*b*) To give an air of truth to chronology, they have formed certain epochs; and on this deluſive foundation they have erected that imaginary ſcience, which has been entirely directed by caprice. They know not to what period

had beſide, a turn ſo affected, and there were ſo many reflections of immoderate length, that accompanied that meagre production, that we can ſcarce think it was read for more than half a century."—But, at leaſt, his Funeral Orations—"We are highly incenſed againſt them; they breathe the miſerable language of ſervitude and adulation. Shall a miniſter of the God of peace, of the God of truth, mount the pulpit to extol a gloomy politician, an avaricious ſtateſman, a mean woman, a blood-thirſty hero; and agitated like a poet with the deſcription of a battle, never utter one ſigh when thinking on that horrid ſcourge that deſolates the earth. At that moment, he has no thought of maintaining the laws of humanity, of declaring to an ambitious monarch, by the ſacred voice of religion, ſtrong and terrible truths; he rather wiſhes to hear it ſaid, *That man talks well; he makes the encomiums of the dead, while their aſhes*

period they ſhould refer the principal revolutions of the world, and yet they would fix the age in which each king reigned. The greateſt errors reſt ſecure by means of chronological calculations. They ſet out, for example, from the foundation of Rome; and that foundation is ſupported by probabilities, or rather ſuppoſitions.

are

are yet warm. With much better reaſon would he give a good doſe of incenſe to monarchs that are ſtill living.

" We are no friends to Bouſſet; for he was not only a man proud and obdurate, a courtier fawning and ambitious, but to him alſo we owe thoſe funeral orations, which have ſince multiplied like funeral torches, and which, like them, exhale a noxious vapour as they paſs. This ſpecies of flattery appears to us the moſt odious, futile, and dangerous of all others; for it is at once falſe, ſtupid, and ſhameleſs, and conſtantly contradicts the public voice, which echoes againſt thoſe walls where the orator, whilſt pompouſly declaiming, inwardly laughs at thoſe falſe colours with which he has dreſſed out his idol.

" Behold his rival, his gentle and modeſt conqueror, the amiable, the pathetic Fenelon. His Telemachus and other works we have carefully preſerved, becauſe in them we find a rare and happy agreement between reaſon and ſenſibility (*a*). To have compoſed the Telemachus

(*a*) The French academy have propoſed his eulogy as the

machus at the court of Lewis XIV. appeats to us an admirable, aſtoniſhing virtue. Certainly that monarch did not comprehend the book; and that is the moſt favourable ſuppoſition we can make for his honour. Doubtleſs, that work required a more extenſive knowledge, a more profound penetration; but, with all its ſimplicity, what force, what truth, what dignity, is there diſplayed! We have placed next to his, the works of the good abbé St. Pierre, whoſe pen was weak, but his heart ſublime. Seven ages have given to his great and beautiful ideas a juſt maturity. His cotemporaries regarded him as a viſionary. his dreams, however, have become realities."

AMONG the French poets, I found Corneille, Racine, and Moliere; but their com-

the next prize for eloquence; but if the work be what it ought to be, the academy cannot crown the diſcourſe. Why give ſubjects that cannot be treated in their full extent? I admire, however, this ſpecies of writing, where, by inveſtigating the genius of a great man. the art itſelf is inveſtigated and exemplified. We have had excellent works of this kind, and eſpecially thoſe of M. Thomas, which is the moſt inſtructive book we can put into the hands of a young man, and from which he may draw at once uſeful knowledge and a rational love for glory.

mentators

mentators were burned (*a*). I aſked a queſtion of the librarian, that will probably be aſked ſeven centuries hence, To which of the three do you give the prefence ?—" We underſtand but little of Moliere," he replied ; " the manners that he painted are paſt ; he ſeems to us to have attacked ridicule more than vice, and you had more vicious than ridiculous qualities (*b*). For the two tragedians, whoſe colours are more durable, I know not how a man of your age can

(*a*) They are the works of envy or ignorance. Theſe commentators, with their zeal for the laws of grammar, excite my pity. The worſt deſtiny that can attend any man of genius, either living or dead, is to be judged by pedantiſm, which ſees nothing, and feels nothing. Theſe wretched critics, who creep from word to word, reſemble thoſe purblind mortals, who miſerably pore over every ſtroke of a picture of Le Seuer or Pouſſin, inſtead of embracing the whole at one view.

(*b*) It is not true, as advanced in the eulogy on Moliere, that the cure of the ridiculous is more eaſy than that of the vicious. But, if it were, to which diſorder of the human heart ſhould we firſt apply remedies ? Shall the poet become an accomplice in the general perverſity, and be the firſt to adopt thoſe miſerable compacts, which bad men make the better to diſguiſe their villainy ? Unhappy is he who does not ſee the full effect that an excellent drama can produce, who is ignorant of the ſublimity of that ſcience which can unite all hearts in one.

aſk

aſk the queſtion. He who excelled all others in painting the human heart, who elevated and enlarged the mind to the greateſt degree; he who was the beſt acquainted with the ſhocks of paſſion and the depths of policy, had doubtleſs more genius than his harmonious rival (*a*), who, with a ſtyle more correct and flowing, had leſs of force and conciſion, who had not the piercing view, nor the elevation, nor the fire, nor the argument, nor the amazing diverſity of characters, of the other. Add to this the moral aim, conſtantly marked in Corneille, and which drove mankind towards the element of every virtue, towards liberty. Racine, after effeminating his heroes, effeminated the ſpectators (*b*). Taſte

(*a*) Corneille has frequently an original air of freedom and ſimplicity, and even ſomething more natural than Racine.

(*b*) Racine and Boileau were two daſtardly courtiers, who approached their monarch with the awe of two tradeſmen of the Rue St. Dennis. It was not ſo that Horace frequented Auguſtus. Nothing can be more mean than the letters of theſe two poets, in raptures to find themſelves at the court. It is difficult to conceive of more miſerable productions. Racine at laſt died of chagrin, becauſe Lewis XIV. caſt a contemptuous look at him in the public walks.

is the art of elevating low ſubjects; and in this Corneille was inferior to Racine. Time, that ſovereign judge, who equally deſtroys both eulogies and cenſures, time has declared, and has placed a wide diſtance between them; the one is a genius of the firſt order; the other, ſome few paſſages borrowed from the Greek excepted, is nothing more than a fine writer, as was obſerved in his own age. In your time, men had no longer the ſame energy; they required finiſhed works, and the great has ever a certain roughneſs attending it; ſtyle was then become the principal merit, as is conſtantly the caſe with thoſe nations that are enfeebled and corrupted.

I HERE found the terrible Crebillon, who has painted crimes in all thoſe frightful colours by which they are characteriſed. This people ſometimes read his works, but never ſuffer them to be acted.

IT is eaſy to be imagined, that I recollected my friend Fontaine, equally beloved and conſtantly

ſtantly read (*a*). Moliere, that juſt judge of merit, preſented this firſt of moral poets with immortality. Fable, it is true, is the allegorical language of a ſlave, who dares not talk to his maſter; but, at the ſame time, as it moderates that ſeverity which there may be in truth, it muſt conſtantly be highly valuable in a world expoſed to all ſorts of tyrants. Satire is, perhaps, the weapon of deſpair alone.

How far has this age placed that inimitable fabuliſt above Boileau (*b*), who (as the abbé Coſtard ſays) made himſelf the dictator of Par-

(*a*) Fontaine was the confidant of nature, and merited, by pre-eminence, the title of poet. I am ſurpriſed at the audacity of thoſe who have ſince wrote fables with the preſumption of imitating him.

(*b*) The critic who only endeavours to depreciate an author, inſtead of explaining him, diſcovers his own vanity, ignorance, and jealouſy. His malignity will not let him clearly diſcern the good and bad parts of a book. Criticiſm belongs to them only whoſe judgment and candour are not, in any degree, infected by perſonal intereſt. Critic, know thyſelf; and if thou wouldſt form a right judgment of any work, remember, that depending on thy own lights only, thou canſt judge of nothing.

naſſus,

naſſus, and who, void of invention, force, grace, and ſentiment, was nothing more than a tame and ſcrupulous verſifier. They had preſerved ſeveral other fables, among which were ſome by La Motte, and thoſe of Nivernois (*a*).

THE poet Rouſſeau made a diminutive figure: they had preſerved ſome of his odes and cantatas, but all his gloomy epiſtles, his tedious and dry allegories, his Mandragora, his epigrams, the work of a depraved heart, had all, it is eaſy to imagine, periſhed in thoſe flames they had long deſerved. I cannot here enumerate all the ſalutary mutilations that had been made in many works otherwiſe juſtly renowned. I ſaw none of thoſe frivolous poets, who flattered themſelves that the taſte of their age, which diffuſed over the moſt ſerious ſubjects that falſe varniſh of wit which debaſes reaſon, would have preſerved them (*b*). All thoſe

(*a*) Seven hundred years hence, it will not be remembered, perhaps, that this charming fabuliſt was a duke, and wore a blue ribband, but doubtleſs that he was a ſprightly philoſopher.

(*b*) When Hercules ſaw the ſtatue of his favourite Adonis,

theſe ſallies of a light and giddy imagination, reduced to their juſt value, were evaporated, like thoſe ſparks that ſhine with the greater luſtre only to be the ſooner extinguiſhed. All thoſe writers of romances, whether hiſtoric, moral, or political, where ſcattered truths are only met with by chance; and thoſe in which the object is not conſidered in all its different points of view; and laſtly, thoſe who led aſtray by a prejudice for a particular ſyſtem, had followed their own ideas only; all theſe authors, I ſay, deluded by the abſence or preſence of genius, had diſappeared, or had undergone the pruning-knife of a judicious critic, which is far from being a fatal inſtrument (*a*). Sagacity and a love of order had preſided over this new ſtructure; as in thoſe thick foreſts where the branches, intwined with each other, conceal all the paths, and where there reigns an eternal

nis, in the temple of Venus, he cried out, "There is no divinity in thee." The ſame may be ſaid of all thoſe poliſhed, delicate, ingenious, and effeminate works.

(*a*) It would be a work worthy of a man of ſound judgment, to form a rational and comprehenſive catalogue of the beſt books in every ſcience, and to point out the manner of reading them, and thoſe paſſages that are moſt worthy of attention.

and

and noxious ſhade; if the induſtry of man bears the hatchet and the flame, the genial rays of the ſun enter, the flowery paths recreate the ſight, and we traverſe each route without fear or diſguſt. I perceived in a corner a curious book which ſeemed to me judiciouſly compoſed, and was intitled, *Uſurped Reputations.* It contained the reaſons that determined the extinction of many books, and of the contempt that was caſt on the pen of certain writers, who were nevertheleſs admired in their own age. The ſame book redreſſed the wrongs of the cotemporaries of great men, when their adverſaries were unjuſt, jealous, or blinded by ſome other paſſion (*a*). I chanced to lay my hand on a Voltaire, O heavens! I cried, to what a ſize is he ſhrunk! Where are thoſe twenty-ſix quarto volumes that flowed from his brilliant, exhauſtleſs pen? If that celebrated writer could come again upon the earth, how would he be aſto-

(*a*) There ſtill remains a good book to be wrote, though already done; *Great Events from little Cauſes.* But, where is the man who can diſcover the real clue; I will mention another, very proper for the preſent age, *The Placemen who become Perſecutors to ſerve the Baſeneſs of thoſe they deſpiſe*; and one more, *The Crimes of Sovereigns.*

niſhed!—"We have been obliged to burn a large portion," was replied. "You know that fine genius paid a tribute, ſomewhat too large, to human frailty. He precipitated his ideas, he gave them not time to ripen. He preferred whatever had the character of boldneſs, to a ſlow diſcuſſion of the truth. Rarely had his writings any depth. He was a rapid ſwallow that glanced with grace and eaſe along the ſurface of a large river, where he drank, and dipped his wings as he ſkimed along. He was at once a man of genius and of wit. We cannot refuſe him the firſt, the moſt noble and amiable of virtues, the love of humanity. He has combated with ardour for the intereſt of man. He not only deteſted, but rendered deteſtable, perſecution and tyranny of every kind. He brought a rational and affecting morality on the ſtage. He has painted heroiſm in its proper colours. In a word, he was the greateſt poet of the French nation. We have preſerved his Epopeæ; for, though the plan be trifling, yet the name of Henry IV. has rendered it immortal. We are, above all, captivated with his beautiful tragedies, in which there ſhines a pencil ſo facile,

facile, ſo various, and ſo juſt. We have alſo preſerved all his proſe pieces, where he is not ridiculous, too ſevere, or improperly ſatyrical; it is there he is truly original (*a*). But you know, that toward the fifteen laſt years of his life, he had only a few remaining ideas,

(*a*) I am charmed with the painter of nature, who lets his pencil run freely over the cloth, who prefers a certain eaſy and bold liberty, that gives a luſtre to his colours; to that frigid preciſion, that tame regularity, which conſtantly reminds me of the art, and its ſubterfuges. O, how brilliant is the writer who gives himſelf up entirely to his genius! Who indulges in voluntary negligencies, and ſhews, with a light hand, happy and variegated touches. Who deigns to have foibles, is pleaſed with a certain irregularity, and never ſo engaging as when in diſorder. Behold the man of ſuperlative genius. A tedious ſymmetry can pleaſe none but ſots. Every man of a lively imagination, wiſhes that we would aid him with our wings. It is to this happy vivacity, which rouſes the minds, that we owe the crowd of readers. Like the elementary fire, the writer ſhould be forever in action. But this ſecret is communicated only to the few. The numbers labour, ſweat, make a thouſand efforts to obtain a gelid perfection. He who is born to write in a bold, rapid, brilliant ſtyle, above all rules, with the ſame ſtroke of his pen expreſs his idea, and imprints it with pleaſure on the heart of his reader. Behold Voltaire, who, like a ſtag, bounds over the plains of literature, while ſome pretended imitator, ſome congealed copyiſts, ſuch as La H***, comes like a tortoiſe, creeping after.

which he repreſented under a hundred different faces. He perpetually retailed the ſame ſubject. He engaged in controverſies with thoſe he ought to have deſpiſed. He had the misfortune to write inſipid and groſs reflections againſt J. J. Rouſſeau; a furious jealouſy ſo far tranſported him, that he even wrote without judgment. We were obliged to burn thoſe wretched performances, which would have diſhonoured him to the moſt diſtant poſterity; ſtill more jealous of his glory than he was himſelf, we have been obliged to deſtroy one moiety of that great man to preſerve the other."

I am charmed, I cried, to find, that you have preſerved J. J. Rouſſeau entire. What a work is the Emelius (*a*)! What a ſenſibility of ſoul is diffuſed over that beautiful romance, the new Eloiſa! What bold, comprehenſive, and penetrative ideas in his letters to De la Montagne! What vigor, what fire in his other works! With what thought does he inſpire his

(*a*) What inſipidities have been printed againſt this immortal work! How can a man dare to write when he knows not even how to read.

reader!

reader! Every particular appears to me worthy to be read.—"So we have judged," replied the librarian "There muſt have been a very mean and cruel pride in your age. In fact, you muſt not have underſtood him; your trifling diſpoſition would not permit you to purſue his arguments. He had reaſon to deſpiſe you. Your philoſophers themſelves were of the vulgar people. But I think we are agreed concerning this philoſopher, it is therefore needleſs to ſay more.

In turning over the books of the laſt diviſion, I ſaw with pleaſure many works formerly dear to my nation. L'Eſprit des Loix; L'Hiſtoire Naturalle; the book De l'Eſprit commented in ſome parts (*a*). Nor had they excluded the friend of man, the Beliſarius; the works of Linguet; the eloquent harangues of Thomas (*b*) St. Servan, Dupaty, Le Tourneur,

(*a*) The ſpider draws poiſon from the ſame roſe whence the bee extracts honey; ſo a bad man frequently nouriſhes his malignity from the ſame book whence a good man derives the greateſt conſolation.

(*b*) There is at preſent no tribune for harangues; eloquence however is not dead. It ſtill ſpeaks, ſometimes thunders;

neur, and the diſcourſes of Phocion. I diſtinguiſhed the numerous and philoſophic works that the age of Louis XV. had produced (*a*). The Encyclopedia was formed on a new and more happy plan. Inſtead of that wretched practice of reducing all things to a dictionary, that is, of mincing the ſeveral ſciences, they had preſerved each art entire. With a ſingle glance of the eye you ſaw all their different parts. This work contained vaſt and exact drafts that followed each other in regular order, and were connected in a ſimple and pleaſing manner. All that had been wrote againſt the Chriſtian religion was burned, as books that were become abſolutely uſeleſs.

I INQUIRED for the hiſtorians, and the librarian ſaid, "We aſſign that province in part to our painters. Facts have a philoſo-

thunders; and though it cannot rouſe us to virtuous ſentiments, yet, at leaſt, it confounds us with ſhame.

(*a*) The philoſopher who is employed in examining the nature of man, of policy and manners, diffuſes uſeful lights over the community; his detractors are either fools, or malignant citizens.

phical

phical certainty, which is to be expreſſed by the pencil. "What is hiſtory? In reality nothing more than the knowledge of facts. The reflections and inferences appertain to the hiſtorian, and not to the ſcience itſelf. The facts however are innumerable. What popular reports; what ſuperannuated fables; what endleſs details! The tranſactions of each age are the moſt intereſting of all others for the cotemporaries; and of all ages, thoſe of the preſent only are not to be inveſtigated. They have wrote laborioufly of ancient and foreign hiſtory, but have turned their attention from preſent facts (*a*). The ſpirit of conjecture is diſplayed at the expence of accuracy. Many have ſo little known their own weakneſs, that ſeveral ſingle pens have attempted an univerſal hiſtory, more romantic than the good Indians, who allowed at leaſt four elephants to ſupport the world. In a word, hiſtory has been ſo disfigured, ſo ſtuffed with falſhoods and puerile reflections, that a romance, to every judicious mind, is more

(*a*) *This is natural enough in France, where there is ſo much danger in writing on recent facts; but, to our good fortune, it is not ſo here.*

elegible than thoſe collections of facts, where, as on a boundleſs ocean, we ſail without a compaſs (*a*).

" We have made a ſlight extract, painting each age in ſtrong characters, and deſcribing thoſe perſons only who have had a real influence on the deſtiny of empires (*b*). We have omitted thoſe reigns where there were nothing to be ſeen but wars and cruelties. They ought to be concealed; for nothing ſhould be preſented that will not do honour to humani-

(*a*) When we reflect on the nature of the human mind, we muſt be convinced of the impoſſibility of a real ancient hiſtory. The modern is more probable; but between probability and truth there is almoſt as great a diſtance, as between truth and falſhood. Moreover, we learn nothing from modern hiſtories. Each hiſtorian accommodates the facts to his ideas, almoſt in the ſame manner as a cook does the diſhes to his palate; we muſt dine in the taſte of the cook; we muſt read in the humour of the hiſtorian.

(*b*) To ſay the reign of Charles VI. or Louis XIII. is a miſnomer, and muſt miſlead the unattentive reader. A monarch, who has no influence on the age in which he lives, as is frequently the caſe, ſhould be ranked in the claſs of common men, and we ſhould ſay, for example, after the death of Henry IV. *we ſhall now deſcribe the age of Richelieu*, &c.

ty.

ty. It is perhaps dangerous to preſerve all the exceſſes to which vice has been extended. The number of the guilty ſeems to palliate the crime; and the fewer outrages we ſee, the leſs we are tempted to commit them. We have treated human nature like that ſon who revered his father, and covered with a vail the diſorders of ebriety."

I approached the librarian, and aſked, in a low voice, for the Age of Louis XV. which might ſerve as a continuation to that of Louis XIV. by Voltaire. I found that it had been compoſed in the twentieth century. Never have I read any thing more curious, more ſingular and aſtoniſhing. The hiſtorian, from a regard to the extravagance of the circumſtances, had not ſacrificed any detail. My curioſity, my aſtoniſhment redoubled at every page. I was taught to reform many of my ideas; and to know, that the age in which we live, is, of all others, the moſt diſtant from us. I laughed, I admired greatly; but I wept at leaſt as much..... I can ſay no more here; the

events of the preſent day are like fruit that ſhould not be taſted till it is ripe (*a*).

CHAP. II.

The Men of Letters.

AS I went out of the library, a ſtranger accoſted me, and we entered into converſation. It was concerning men of letters. I have known but few in my time, I ſaid, but thoſe I have known were gentle, modeſt, friendly, and full of probity. If they had defects, they redeemed them by ſo many valuable properties, that a man muſt be incapable of friendſhip who had not an attachment to them. Envy, ignorance, and calumny have disfigured the characters of authors; for every public man is expoſed to the brutal diſcourſe of the vulgar, who, however ignorant

(*a*) Time produces all things. Thoſe ſecrets which are thought to be completely concealed will offer themſelves to the public, as the rivers run into the ſea. To our children all will be known.

they

they may be, pronounce boldy (*a*). The great, as deſtitute, for the moſt part, of talents as of virtue, are jealous of their attracting the regard of the nation, and pretend to deſpiſe them (*b*). Writers have alſo frequently, to combat

(*a*) A man of this claſs who is incapable of writing a ſingle line, but has a talent for verbal ſatire, in conſequence of ridiculing authors, and gratifying malignity, becomes at laſt perſuaded, that he is himſelf a man of taſte and ingenuity; but he is miſerably deceived, both in judging of himſelf and of others.

(*b*) It is not to the moſt powerful monarchs, nor to the moſt opulent princes, nor to the chief rulers of a nation, that moſt ſtates owe their ſplendor, force and glory. It is private perſons, who have made the moſt aſtoniſhing improvements in the arts, in ſciences, and even in the art of government. Who meaſured the earth? Who diſcovered the ſyſtem of the heavens? Who invented thoſe curious manufactures with which we are cloathed? Who has laid open the ſecrets of natural hiſtory? Who has explored the intricacies of chemiſtry, anatomy, and botany? Certainly private perſons; who, in the eye of the wiſe man, muſt eclipſe the pretenders to greatneſs, thoſe proud dwarfs, who cheriſh nothing but their own vanity. In effect, it is not kings, miniſters, perſons inveſted with authority that govern the world. No, it is thoſe men of ſuperior genius, who cry to their cotemporaries, with a bold and irreſiſtible voice, *Baniſh thoſe wretched prejudices; purſue more elevat-*

combat with the contemptible taſte of the public, who, the more it is enriched by their works, becomes the more ſparing of its applauſe, and ſometimes abandoning works of genius, run gaping after ſome wretched buffoonery. In a word, they have need of the greateſt fortitude to ſupport themſelves in a carreer where the pride of mankind offers them a thouſand indignities. They have, however, braved both the inſolence and diſdain of the great, and the ignorant attacks of the vulgar. A juſt renown, by blaſting their enemies, has crowned their noble efforts with ſucceſs.

"I ACKNOWLEDGE this portrait to be juſt," my interlocutor politely replied. "Men of letters are become the moſt reſpectable of citizens. Every one feels how deſirable it is to be diſſolved in tenderneſs; it is the moſt lively pleaſure the mind can enjoy. It is to them, therefore, that the ſtate has confided the care of developing

ed thoughts, deſpiſe what thou haſt fooliſhly reſpected, and reſpect that which, through ignorance, thou haſt deſpiſed; profit by thy paſt follies, and learn better to diſtinguiſh the rights of mankind; adopt the ideas that I have ſet before thee. Thy route is clearly traced, march! And I will anſwer for thy ſucceſs.

this

this principle of virtue. By exhibiting majeſtic, terrible, and tender pictures, and by improving the ſenſibility of mankind, they diſpoſe them to all thoſe great qualities that proceed from it. We find," he continued, " that the writers of your age, as to what concerns morality, and grand and uſeful purſuits, have far ſurpaſſed thoſe of the age of Lewis XIV. They have freely painted the faults of kings, the misfortunes of the people, the ravages of the paſſions, the efforts of virtue, and even the ſucceſs of vice; faithful to their vocation (*a*), they have

(*a*) The famous Locuſta, ſkilful in the art of preparing ſubtle poiſons, was lodged by Nero in his palace; and ſo deſirous was he of preſerving a woman ſo uſeful to his deſigns, that he appointed guards to attend her. It was ſhe who compoſed the cup by which Britannicus periſhed. When the poiſon had blackened the viſage of that unfortunate prince, Nero cauſed it to be ſpread over with white paint, ſo that it appeared with the paleneſs of a natural death; but, as they bore it to the tomb, a ſudden and copious ſhower of rain waſhed off the paint, and expoſed what the tyrant thought he had ſafely concealed. I find in this fact an allegory ſufficiently juſt. Princes fondly careſs faithful monſters; and either from ſtupidity, or contempt of the laws, or a confidence in their own power, they think to conceal their real qualities from the public; but ſoon hiſtory, the ſudden ſhower, waſhes off the falſe colours, and all their vices ſtand full expoſed to view.

had

had the intrepidity to inſult thoſe bloody trophies which ſervility and error had conſecrated to tyranny. Never was the cauſe of humanity more ſtrongly pleaded; and though they have loſt it by an inconceivable fatality, yet theſe dauntleſs advocates remain not the leſs covered with glory.

"ALL the ſtreams of light that have iſſued from theſe vigorous and undaunted ſouls, are preſerved and tranſmitted from age to age (*a*): like a ſeed that for a long time is trod under foot, but being ſuddenly tranſported, by a favourable wind to ſome place of ſhelter, it ſprings up, increaſes, becomes a tree, whoſe ſpreading branches preſent both ornament and refuge.

"If, better informed of the nature of true greatneſs, we deſpiſe the pomp and oſtentation of power; if we turn our eyes towards thoſe objects that are worthy the reſearch of men; we

(*a*) Men of common capacities, and they who have not fathomed the depths of government beyond a certain point, are very far from being able to diſcover the connections of ſpeculation and ſcience with the riches and happineſs of a nation.

ſhall

ſhall find that it is to letters we owe it (*a*). Our writers have ſtill ſurpaſſed yours in courage; if a prince deviates from the laws, they revive the renowned tribunal of the Chineſe; they engrave his name on a dreadful plate of braſs, by which his diſgrace is eternally recorded. Hiſtory in their hands is the rock to falſe glory, the ſentence paſſed on illuſtrious criminals, the crucible from which the hero exhales, if he has not been a man.

"How ought the princes of the earth, who complain that all who approach them are affected by conſtraint and diſſimulation, to be confounded! Have they not always with them thoſe dumb, but independent and intrepid ora-

(*a*) We may aſſert, with a degree of certainty, that the new lights, which are every day diſcovered, deſcending by degrees in almoſt every ſtate, will, by a ſure method, annihilate the preſent capricious jumble of laws, and ſubſtitute others more natural and more juſt; the judgment of the public will have a powerful and penetrating voice that will change the face of nations; it will be printing that will render this great ſervice to humanity. Let us therefore continue to print; and let every one, from the higheſt to the loweſt, read; but, at the ſame time, let us print that only which is true and uſeful; and let us well meditate before we write.

tors,

tors, who can, without offence, inſtruct them, and who, from their thrones, have neither favours to expect nor diſgrace to fear (*a*)? We ought to render that juſtice to thoſe noble writers, to acknowledge that there is no race of men who have better fulfilled their deſtination. Some have overthrown ſuperſtition, others ſupported the rights of the people. Theſe have dug the fruitful mine of morality, thoſe diſplayed virtue under the figure of an indulgent ſenſibility (*a*). We have have forgot the foibles which

(*a*) The Promotheus of Eſchylus contains a beautiful and clear allegory. Is is that of an arbitrary monarch cruſhing a man of genius; for having brought down fire from heaven, with which he enlightened mankind, he is fixed to the ſummit of a rock; being ſlowly ſcorched by the ſun's rays, the colour of his body is changed; the nymphs of the woods and fields ſurround him with lamentations, but are unable to aſſiſt him; the Furies load him with irons that eat into his fleſh; but a remorſe for having been virtuous can never enter his heart.

(*a*) How great the recompenſe to an author who is the friend of truth and virtue, when, as we read, we drop the burning tear upon his book, and, at the ſame moment, draw from the bottom of the heart the ſtruggling ſigh; then cloſe the book, and, lifting our eyes to heaven, form ardent virtuous reſolutions! This, doubtleſs, is the moſt brilliant reward that any writer ought to wiſh. What, to this

which they might have as private perſons; we ſee that maſs of light only which they have formed and aggrandiſed, that moral ſun, which can never be extinguiſhed but with the grand luminary of the univerſe."

How glad ſhould I be to enjoy the preſence of thoſe great men! for I have ever had a ſtrong attraction towards writers of real merit; I love to ſee them, but ſtill more to hear their diſcourſe. ——"It happens right luckily; to-day they open the academy, in order to receive a man of letters."—In the room, doubtleſs, of one that deceaſed.—"What ſay you? Muſt merit wait till death has deſtroyed his fellow, that he may ſupply his place? No; the number of our academicians is not fixed; every talent receives the crown of its reward; there are ſufficient to recompenſe them all (*a*).

this, are the diſcordant ſhouts of applauſe, as empty as they are tranſitory, as envied as they are uncertain.

(*a*) An author, who is not much influenced by perſonal motives, will not give himſelf great concern to think that he is a writer of merit in an ignorant age; if he be more deſirous of the progreſs of human knowledge, than of gratifying his own vanity, inſtead of being afflicted, he will rejoice that he cannot launch forth from his obſcurity.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

The Academy of Science.

WE advanced toward the academy. It ſtill preſerved that name; but how different its ſituation from that where it was formerly held! It no longer made a part of the palace of a king. How wonderful are the revolutions of ages! A pope now ſits in the place of the Cæſars! ignorance and ſuperſtition inhabit Athens! the fine arts have flown to Ruſſia! Would it have been believed in my time, that a mountain marked with ridicule for merely affording nurture to a few aſſes by its thiſtles, ſhould become the juſt image of the ancient Parnaſſus, the ſeat of genius, the habitation of renowned writers? They would have aboliſhed the name of Montmartre (*a*), but from a complaiſance to received prejudices.

THIS auguſt ſpot, cloathed on all ſides by venerable woods, is conſecrated to ſolitude;

(*a*) *The hill Montmartre is on the north ſide of Paris, and almoſt adjoining to it. They ſay, that on its ſummit there was once a temple dedicated to Mars, from which it took its name.*

an

an expreſs law forbids the approach of all diſcordant noiſe. The earth has produced freſh beds of ſtone to form the foundations of this noble aſylum. On this mount, bleſſed with the moſt genial rays of the ſun, are nouriſhed fair trees, whoſe towering ſummits ſometimes embrace each other, and ſometimes at diſtance keep, to afford the exploring eye a proſpect of the face of heaven.

As I mounted with my guide, I obſerved, here and there, elegant hermitages, diſtinct from each other. I aſked who inhabited thoſe flowery ſpots, half concealed by the woods, and half expoſed to view, whoſe aſpect appeared ſo engaging.—"You ſhall ſoon know," was replied; "let us now haſten; the hour approaches." In fact, I ſaw a great number of perſons arrive from every ſide, not in coaches, but on foot. Their converſation ſeemed to be highly pleaſing and animated. We entered an edifice ſufficiently large, but decorated with great ſimplicity. I obſerved no Swiſs, armed with a heavy halberd, at the door of the tranquil ſanctuary of the Muſes; there was nothing

thing to forbid entrance amidſt a crowd of worthy men (*a*).

THE hall was remarkably ſonorous; ſo that the moſt feeble academic voice might be heard at the greateſt diſtance. The order that there reigned was not leſs remarkable; ſeveral rows of benches ſurrounded the hall; for they knew that they ear ſhould be at its eaſe in an academy, as the eye in the ſallon of a painter. I conſidered every object at my leiſure. The number of academics ſeats was not ridiculouſly fixed; but what ſeemed moſt ſingular was, that, on the back of every chair, a ſcroll was diſplayed, on which were diſtinctly wrote the titles of that academician who choſe it for his ſeat; every one might place himſelf in an armed chair without any other previous ceremony than that of diſplaying the ſcroll that contained the title of his works. It is eaſy to conceive,

(a) I have ever been highly curious to ſee a man of genius, and have thought that I diſcovered in his port, his actions, the air of his head, his countenance, and aſpect, ſomething that diſtinguiſhed him from the common race of men. The ſcience of phyſiognomy ſtill remains to be properly inveſtigated.

that

that no one offered to diſplay a charte blanche, as was done in my day, by biſhops, marſhals, and preceptors (*a*); ſtill leſs would they dare to expoſe to the ſevere public eye the title of a work of mean merit, or a ſervile imitation; it muſt be a work that points out ſome new diſcovery in the arts, or, at leaſt, that excels all others on the ſame ſubject (*b*).

My guide pulled me by the ſleeve—"You ſeem aſtoniſhed; let me increaſe your wonder. Thoſe charming habitations which you obſerved on aſcending the mountain, form the retreats of thoſe who are ſtruck by an unknown power

(*a*) We have ſeen on the Boulevards, *(the old ramparts of Paris, which now ſerve for recreation,)* an automaton that articulated ſounds, and the people flock to admire it. How many automata, with human faces, do we ſee at court, at the bar, in the academies, who owe their ſpeech to the breath of inviſible agents; when they ceaſe, the machines remain dumb.

(*b*) There are no longer any means left to diſtinguiſh ourſelves, they ſay. Wretches! that hunt after ſmoke, the path of virtue ſtill lies before you; there you will find but few competitors; but that is not the ſort of glory that you ſeek. I underſtand you; you would become the ſubject of popular diſcourſe. I ſigh for you, and for the human race.

that commands them to write. Our academicians are Carthuſians (*a*); it is in ſolitude that genius diſplays its powers, forſakes the beaten path, and diſcovers unknown regions. When does enthuſiaſm ſpring forth? When the author deſcends into himſelf, when he inveſtigates his own ſoul, that profound mine, of whoſe value the poſſeſſor is not unfrequently ignorant. What inſpirers are retreat and friendſhip (*a*)! What more is neceſſary to thoſe who ſearch for nature and truth? Where do we hear their ſublime voice? In the tumult of cities, amidſt that crowd of low purſuits, that, unknown to ourſelves, beſiege the heart? No; it is amidſt the rural ſcenes that the ſoul rejuvenates; it is there that it contemplates the majeſty of the univerſe, that majeſty eloquent and all-gracious; the thought ſtrikes, the expreſſion glows; the image and its ſplen-

(*a*) Let him who would acquire a ſtrength of mind, aſſiduouſly exert its powers; the greateſt ſluggard is ever the greateſt ſlave.

(*a*) Man has much longer time to live with the mind than with the ſenſes; he would therefore act wiſely to depend for his pleaſures on the former rather than on the latter.

dor

dor become widely extended, like the horizon that ſurrounds us.

" In your day, the men of letters frequented the circles to amuſe the coquettes, and obtain an equivocal ſmile; they ſacrificed all that was bold and manly to the ſuperſtitious empire of faſhion; they diveſted the ſoul of its real nature, to pleaſe the age. Inſtead of looking forward to an auguſt ſeries of ages, they rendered themſelves ſlaves to a momentary taſte. In a word, they purſued ingenious falſhoods; they ſtifled that inward voice which cries, *Be ſevere as the time that flies; be inexorable as poſterity.*

" THESE academics, morever, here enjoy that happy mediocrity (*a*), which, amongſt us, conſtitutes ſovereign wealth. We do not offer to interrupt them, either with a deſire to diſcover the leaſt movements of their minds, or from a vanity of being admitted to their company. We revere their time, as we do the hallowed

(*a*) The great man is modeſt; the man of mediocrity diſplays his indifferent advantages; ſo the majeſtic river glides ſilently along, while the rivulet runs chattering over the rugged pebbles.

bread

bread of the indigent; but attentive to their deſires, at the leaſt ſignal they find them gratified."—If that be the caſe, you muſt have ſufficient employment. Are there not thoſe who aſſume the rank to cover their idleneſs or real weakneſs?—" No; this region is ſo ſtrongly illuminated, that the leaſt ſpot is eaſily diſcovered. Impoſture dare not here intrude; it can never bear the look of a man of genius, whoſe piercing eye nought can deceive. For thoſe whom preſumption may bring hither (*a*), there are perſons of a benign temper, who effectually diſſuade them from a project that cannot redound to their honour. In a word, the law enjoins...."—Our converſation was interrupted by a ſudden general ſilence in the aſſembly. My whole ſoul flew to my ear, when I beheld one of the academicians prepare to read a manuſcript which he held in his hand, and with a grace by no means inſignificant.

O UNGRATEFUL memory, how could I reproach thee! Why didſt thou deſert me?

(*a*) There is no object that may not be viewed from a hundred different ſtations; but there is only one from whence it can be juſtly beheld; and if that is not choſen, genius and labour become uſeleſs.

Would

Would that I could repeat the perſuaſive diſcourſe pronounced by that academic! The force, the method, the flowing periods have eſcaped me; but the impreſſion on my mind can never be effaced. No; never was I ſo enraptured. The viſage of each auditor reflected thoſe ſentiments with which I was agitated; it was one of the moſt delicious enjoyments my heart ever felt. What depths! what images! what truths! what a noble flame! how ſublime a tone! The orator declaimed againſt envy (*a*), deſcribed the ſources of that fatal paſſion, its horrible effects, the infamy it has caſt on the laurels that have crowned many great men; all its vile, unjuſt, deteſtable qualities were ſo ſtrongly painted, that while we deplored the fate of its blind, unhappy victims, we trembled leſt our own hearts ſhould be infected by its poiſon. The mirror was ſo properly preſented before

(*a*) How I pity the envious and jealous mind, that glances over the valuable parts of a work, and knows not how to enjoy them. By analogy it dwells on thoſe parts only that are imperfect. The man of letters who by an habitual exerciſe of reaſon and taſte, improves the one and the other, and inceſſantly creates to himſelf new joys, is of all men the moſt happy—if he can diveſt himſelf of jealouſy or of an over ſenſibility.

each particular character, their meanneſs expoſed in ſuch various and ridiculous lights, the human heart diſplayed in a manner ſo new, ſo refined, ſo ſtriking, that it was impoſſible not to know them; and when knowing, not to form the deſign of abjuring that miſerable weakneſs. The fear of bearing ſome reſemblance to that frightful monſter, envy, produced a happy effect. I ſaw, O inſtructive ſight! O moment unheard of in the annals of literature! I ſaw the members of that aſſembly regard each other with a tender and ſympathizing look; I ſaw them mutually open their arms, embrace, and cry with joy; their boſoms reſting and panting againſt each other; I ſaw (will it be believed?) the authors diſperſed about the room imitate the affectionate tranſports of the academicians, and convinced of the talents of their brethren, ſwear an unalterable, eternal friendſhip; I ſaw the tears of affection and benevolence flow from every eye. They were a company of brothers, who ſubſtituted that honourable applauſe in the room of our ſtupid clapping of hands (*a*).

AFTER

(*a*) When, at the theatre or the academy, an affecting or ſublime paſſage ſtrikes the aſſembly, inſtead of that ſigh from

AFTER the full enjoyment of thoſe delicious moments; after each one had expreſſed the various ſenſations that he had felt, and thoſe ſtrokes by which he was moſt ſtrongly affected; and after frequently repeating the vows of endleſs friendſhip, another member of this auguſt ſociety aroſe with a ſmiling air; an applauding murmur ran through the hall, for he was eſteemed a Socratic railer (*a*). He raiſed his voice, and ſaid,

'GENTLEMEN,

'MANY reaſons have induced me to offer 'you to-day a ſhort, but, I think, curious ex-'tract of what our academy was in its infancy, 'that is, about the eighteenth century. The 'cardinal who was our founder (*b*), and whom

from the bottom of the heart, and the ſilent emotions, I hear thoſe clappings redoubled till they ſhake the roof, I ſay to myſelf, theſe people have no feeling; they are men of wood that ſtrike two boards together.

(*a*) As a malignant raillery is the fruit of an iniquitious diſpoſition, ſo an ingenious pleaſantry is the fruit of wiſdom. A ſprightly temper and graceful manner were the moſt triumphant arms of Socrates.

(*b*) *Cardinal Richelieu.*

'our predeceſſors have ſo extravagantly extoll-
'ed, and to whom they attributed, in our eſtab-
'liſhment, the moſt profound deſigns, would
'never have formed this inſtitution, (let us
'confeſs it) if he had not himſelf made wretch-
'ed verſes which he idolized, and which he
'was deſirous that we ſhould celebrate. That
'cardinal, I ſay, at the time he invited the au-
'thors to form one body, diſcovered his de-
'ſpotic temper when he made them ſubject to
'rules ever unknown to genius. Our founder
'had ſo imperfect an idea of what ſuch a ſo-
'ciety ought to be, that he limited the num-
'ber of members to forty; ſo that Corneille
'and Monteſquieu might have waited at the
'door to the end of their days. This cardinal
'imagined, moreover, that genius would na-
'turally remain in obſcurity, if titles and dig-
'nities did not rouſe it from its inanity. When
'he formed this ſtrange judgment, ſurely, he
'could think of ſuch rhimers only as Colletet
'and his colleagues, whom he ſupported out
'of mere vanity.

'FROM thence it became an eſtabliſhed cuſ-
'tom, that they who had money in the room

'of

'of merit, and titles inſtead of genius, ſeated 'themſelves by thoſe whoſe names had been 'celebrated by fame throughout all Europe. 'He was himſelf the firſt example, and he was 'but too well imitated. When thoſe great 'men who drew the attention of their own age, 'and whoſe regards were fixed on that of poſ-'terity, had covered with glory the place 'where they held their aſſemblies, the gilt and 'titled idiots beſieged the door; nay, almoſt 'preſumed to declare, that they reflected ho-'nour on the ſociety by their paltry ribbonds, 'and, in fact, believed, or pretended to be-'lieve, that, by ſeating themſelves by men of 'genius, they actually reſembled them.

'THEN were ſeen marſhals, as well victo-'rious as beaten, mitred heads that had never 'made a mandate, men of the long robe, pre-'ceptors, and financiers, who pretended to the 'title of men of genius; and though they were 'nothing more than the decorations of the 'theatre, really believed themſelves to be ca-'pital performers. Some eight or ten among 'the forty ſhone by their own luſtre; the reſt 'had only a borrowed light; yet it was neceſ-

'ſary to wait for the death of an academician 'in order to fill his place, and which, never-'theleſs, for the moſt part, ſtill remained 'empty.

'WHAT could be more ludicrous than to 'ſee that academy, whoſe renown was ſpread 'over all the capital, hold its aſſemblies in a 'ſmall, cloſe, mean room? There, in ſeveral 'armed chairs, that were formerly red, were 'ſeen, from time to time, a number of indolent 'wretches, careleſly ſeated, weighing of ſylla-'bles, or carefully culling the words out of 'ſome piece of proſe or poetry, in order, at laſt, 'to applaud the moſt unmeaning among them. 'But, on the other hand, pray remark it, gen-'tlemen, they never erred in calculating the 'number of counters that each gained by the 'abſence of his brethren. Can you believe 'that they gave the conqueror a gold medal in 'the room of a branch of oak, and that on it 'there was engraved this ridiculous inſcrip-'tion: *A l'imortalité?* Alas! that immortality 'paſſed the next day into the goldſmith's cru-'cible; and that was the moſt real advantage the 'victorious champion obtained.

'COULD

'COULD you imagine, that thoſe little victo-
'ries ſometimes turned the conquerors brains,
'ſo great was their ridiculous vanity (*a*)? and
'that the judges exerciſed ſcarce any other
'function than that of diſtributing thoſe uſeleſs
'prizes, about which no one even ever made
'inquiry?

'THE place of their aſſembly was open to
'none but authors; and they were admitted by
'tickets only. In the morning was performed
'a muſical maſs; then a trembling prieſt pro-
'nounced the panegyric of Lewis IX. (I
'know not very well why) extolling him for

(*a*) Except the univerſity prizes, which give riſe to a fooliſh pride in childiſh heads, I know of nothing more pernicious than the medals of our literary academies. The conqueror really thinks himſelf a perſon of conſequence, and is ruined for the remainder of his days; he diſdains every one who has not been crowned with ſo rare and illuſtrious a laurel. See in the Mercure de France, for the month of September, 1769, page 184, an inſtance of the moſt ridiculous egotiſm. A very diminutive author informs the public, that when he was at college, he performed his theme better than his colleagues; he glories in it, and imagines that he maintains the ſame rank in the republic of letters.—*Riſum teneatis, amici?*

'more than an hour, though he was certainly 'a bad ſovereign (*a*). Then the orator declaim-'ed on the croiſades, which highly inflamed 'the archbiſhop's bile, who interdicted the 'prieſtly orator, for his temerity in diſplaying 'good ſenſe. In the evening was another eu-'logy; but as that was on a profane ſubject 'the archbiſhop happily did not concern him-'ſelf with the doctrine it contained.

'IT is proper to remark, that the place where 'they diſplayed their wit was guarded by fuſi-'leers and gigantic Swiſs, who underſtood no 'French. Nothing was more comic than the 'contraſt between the meagre figure of the man 'of letters, and the enormous bluſtering ſtature 'of the Swiſs. This was called *a public aſſembly*. 'The public, it is true, were there; but it 'was at the door; a poor acknowledgement 'for their complaiſance. In the mean time, 'the ſole liberty that remained to the nation 'was to pronounce abſolutely on proſe or verſe,

(*a*) The firſt penal edict againſt particular ſentiments or opinions was denounced by Lewis IX. vulgarly called St. Lewis.

to

'to condemn one author, applaud another,
'and ſometimes laugh at them all.

'The academic rage, however, poſſeſſed
'every brain; every one would be a royal
'cenſor (*a*), and then an academician. They
'calculated the lives of all the members of the
'academy, remarked the degree of vigour that
'their ſtomachs diſcovered at table; death
'ſeemed to the candidates to be ſlow in his ap-
'proach; the cry was, They are immortal!
'When a new member was choſen, ſome one
'muttered ſoftly, Ah! when ſhall I make thy
'eulogy at the bottom of the long table, ſtand-
'ing with my hat on, and declare thee to be a
'great man, as well as Lewis XIV. and the
'chancellor Seguier, while you ſleep profound-
'ly under your tomb-ſtone decorated with a
'curious epitaph.

'THE men of money at laſt ſo far prevailed
'in a golden age, that they completely baniſh-

(*a*) Royal cenſor! I never hear that word without laughter. We Frenchmen know not how ridiculous we are, nor what right we give poſterity to regard us with pity.

'ed the men of letters; ſo that in the follow-
'ing generation, meſſieurs the farmers-gene-
'ral, were in poſſeſſion of the forty armed
'chairs, were they ſnored as much at their eaſe
'as their predeceſſors; and were ſtill more dex-
'trous in dividing the counters. From thence
'it was that the old proverb aroſe, *There is no*
'*entering the academy without an equipage.*

'THE men of letters, unable to regain their
'uſurped dominion, and drove to deſpair, con-
'ſpired in form. They had recourſe to their
'uſual weapons, epigrams, ſongs, and vaude-
'villes (*a*); they exhauſted all the arrows from
'the quiver of ſatire; but, alas! all their at-
'tacks were fruitleſs; the hearts of their ad-
'verſaries were become ſo callous as to be
'no longer penetrable, even by the piercing
'ſtrokes of ridicule; all the bon mots of meſ-
'ſieurs the authors would have been thrown
'away but for the aid of a violent indigeſtion,
'that ſurpriſed the academicians on a certain
'day, when aſſembled at a ſplendid feaſt.

(*a*) Poor arms! which even are now prohibited, and which the inſolent pride of the great at once ſeeks after and dreads.

'Thoſe

'Thoſe three divinities, Apollo, Pluto, and 'the god of the digeſtive faculty, quarrelled 'with each other; Indigeſtion attacking them 'under the double title of financiers and aca-'demics, deſtroyed them almoſt all; the men 'of letters again entered their ancient domi-'nion, and the academy was ſaved . . . ."

THERE was an univerſal burſt of laughter in the aſſembly. Some of them aſked me, in a low voice, if the account was juſt. Yes, I replied, for the moſt part; but when we look down on paſt times from the ſummit of ſeven hundred years, it is doubtleſs eaſy to give a ridiculous turn to what then exiſted. For the reſt, the academy agreed, even in my time, that each member who compoſed it was of more worth than the inſtitution itſelf. Nothing can be added to that confeſſion. The misfortune is, that when men meet in aſſemblies, their heads contract, as Monteſquieu ſaid, who ought to know.

I PASSED into an apartment that contained the portraits of the academicians, as well an-

cient as modern; I took particular notice of thoſe that ſucceeded the academics now living; but, to avoid offence, I ſhall not name them.

Helas! la verité ſi ſouvent eſt cruelle,
On l'aime, et les humains ſont malheureux par elle. VOLT.

Alas! the truth we love, though oft we find
Her cruel, and a foe to human kind.

I CANNOT, however, refrain from relating a fact that will certainly give great pleaſure to every generous mind, that loves juſtice and deteſts tyranny; which is, that the portrait of the abbé St. Pierre was reinſtated in its rank with all the honours due to ſuch exemplary virtue. They had effaced the turpitude of which the academy had rendered itſelf culpable, while it bowed the neck to a yoke of a ſervitude it ought never to have known. They had placed this eſtimable and virtuous writer between Fenelon and Monteſquieu. I gave the praiſes due to this noble equity. I ſaw no portrait of Riche-

Richelieu, nor of Chriſtina, nor of ———, nor ——, nor ——, which, though but paintings, had been for ever diſcarded.

As I deſcended the mountain, I caſt my eyes many times on thoſe lovely groves where dwelt the men of brilliant genius, who, in ſilence, and in the contemplation of nature, laboured to form the hearts of their countrymen to virtue, to the love of the true and beautiful; when ſoftly I ſaid: Would that I could render myſelf worthy of this academy!

CHAP. IV.

The King's Cabinet.

NOT far from this enchanting ſpot, I beheld a vaſt temple that ſtruck me with awe and admiration. On its frontiſpiece was wrote, *An abridgment of the univerſe.* "You ſee," ſaid my guide, "the king's cabinet, though the edifice belongs not to him, but to the

the ſtate. We give it that title merely as a mark of the reſpect we bear his perſon. Our ſovereign, moreover, after the manner of the ancient kings, exerciſes medicine, ſurgery, and the arts. The happy time is returned when men in power, who are provided with the neceſſary means for performing experiments, are charmed with the glory of making diſcoveries of importance to mankind, and are anxious to carry the ſciences to that degree of perfection which attends their influence and their zeal. The moſt conſiderable perſons in the nation employ their opulence in diſcovering the ſecrets of nature; and gold, formerly the ſource of vice and the wages of ſloth, rewards thoſe labours that are ſubſervient to humanity.

On entering, I was ſtruck with a pleaſing ſurprize. This temple was the animated palace of nature; all her productions were here collected with a profuſion that was completely regular. The temple conſiſted of four wings of an immenſe extent, in the center of which was the moſt capacious dome my eyes ever beheld.

In

In different parts were placed marble ſtatues, with theſe inſcriptions: To the inventor of the ſaw, To the inventor of the plane, the ſcrew, the pulley, the capſtane, the crane, &c. &c. All the different ſorts of animals, vegetables, and minerals were placed under the four wings, and were viſible by one glance of the eye. What an immenſe and aſtoniſhing aſſemblage!

Under the firſt wing, were ſeen all from the cedar to the hyſſop.

Under the ſecond, from the eagle to the fly.

Under the third, from the elephant to the ant.

Under the fourth, from the whale to the gudgeon.

In the middle of the dome were the ſports of nature. Monſters of every kind. Productions enormous, unknown, ſingular in their gender. For Nature, the moment ſhe abandons her ordinary laws, diſcovers an intelligence ſtill more profound than when ſhe adheres ſtrictly to them. On the ſides were ſeen complete

complete portions of matter, taken from the mines which preſented the ſecret laboratories, where nature prepares thoſe metals that man has rendered ſometimes uſeful, ſometimes dangerous. Long beds of matter ſkilfully taken up, and artfully placed, ſhowed the interior face of the earth, and the order obſerved in the different ſtrata of ſtone, clays, and loam, there depoſited (*a*).

How

(*a*) What follows was wrote me by a friend. "I "have now a greater taſte than ever for the quarries. "I think it will make me dwell among the minerals "and petrifactions, and, perhaps, prepare me a tomb "in the bowels of the earth. I have deſcended near "nine hundred feet into her boſom, hard by ****, "much concerned that I could go no farther, I would "have printed my footſteps on her kernel, and have "there enquired concerning the different nations that "had ſojourned on her ſurface; would have aſked, if "among the infinite number of her children, any one "had ever acknowledged, her benefactions? If at "the ſpot where I meditate, far from the light of "day, ſhe had ever produced nouriſhing fruits? And if "a people or a throne had been there; and how many "beds, formed of the ruins of mankind, ſhe concealed "from the depth of this abyſs to the laſt point of her "diameter? I would have entreated her to let me read "all the cataſtrophes that ſhe had ſuffered; and I ſhould "have

How great was my aſtoniſhment, when, inſtead of a parcel of dry bones, I ſaw the complete

" have bathed them with my tears, when I had learnt " all the diſaſters from which ſhe had not been able to " defend her numerous family; diſaſters engraved on " conteſtible medals, but whoſe remembrance is utterly " effaced; diſaſters that will again return when ſhe " ſhall bury in her ſides the preſent generation, who ſhall " in their turn be trod under foot by generations with- " out number, who perhaps will have no other reſem- " blance to them, than the participation of the ſame " misfortunes. Then, in the midſt of my grief, as juſt " as humane, I ſhould have formed cruel and charitable " vows; I ſhould have wiſhed that ſhe would have ſwal- " lowed up every animal exiſtence; that ſhe would have " ſnatched every being endowed with ſenſibility, from the " light of the ſun; all of whoſe favours are inſufficient " to repair the oppreſſion of tyrants, who divide and " conſume her amongſt them.

" This globe, which now bears ſo many wretches, " would then roll in a univerſal and happy ſilence; it " would preſent to the ſun's rays no unfortunate being " compelled to curſe it. No cry of lamentation would " ariſe from this planet; it would then traverſe the hea- " vens with a tranquil majeſty. Her children, ſleeping " in one common tomb, would ſuffer her to obey the " laws of the creation, while they were no longer the " victims of deſtructive laws, that fall on the head of " man as on the meaneſt grain of ſand; and death ſur-

" rounding

complete whale, the monſtrous hippopotamus, the terrible crocodile, &c. They had followed the arrangement, the degradations and varieties that nature has obſerved in her productions.

" rounding this double hemiſphere with his peaceful " ſhadow, would perhaps preſent an appearance more " ſtriking than the bluſtering reign of this vain-glorious " life, that draws after it a long ſeries of crimes, an in- " undation of misfortunes, and a terror even of its very " diſſolution."

I replied to this friend, that I did not join with him in the laſt wiſh; that phyſical evils were of all others the moſt ſupportable; that they were tranſient, and beſide, inevitable; and we had nothing to do but ſubmit; but that it was in a man's own power to defend himſelf from thoſe unhappy paſſions, that torment and diſgrace him. I anſwered him in conformity to the principles that are ſufficiently explained in the courſe of this work. I thought it but juſt, however, to preſerve this extract, as it abounds with a ſtrong ſenſibility *.

* *That there is a conſiderable degree of ſenſibility, and ſome ingenuity in this extract, cannot be denied; but, at the ſame time, it has certainly the air of a philoſophic rant. The writer ſeems to have not believed, or at leaſt not ſufficiently regarded, the doctrine of a future ſtate. Would it have been unworthy the wiſdom and goodneſs of God, to have created this earth for the exiſtence of one man only, if, after a ſhort duration here, he were to inherit a glorious immortality?*

The

The eye thus traced without labour the chain of beings, from the greateſt to the leaſt. We there ſaw the lion, the tyger, the panther, in the fierce attitudes by which they are characteriſed; the voracious animals were repreſented as darting on their prey; even the energy of their motion ſeemed in a manner to be preſerved, as well as the creative breath by which they were animated. The more gentle, or more ſubtle, had loſt nothing of their phyſiognomy. Labour, cunning, and patience, art had cloſely imitated. The natural hiſtory of each animal was engraved under it, and the attendants explained verbally, what would have been two long to be read.

THAT ſcale of beings, ſo conteſted in our day, and which many philoſophers had judiciouſly ſuppoſed, was here confirmed by the cleareſt evidence. We ſaw diſtinctly that the ſeveral ſpecies touch; that they run, ſo to ſpeak, into each other; that by the delicate and ſenſible connections between the mere ſtone and the plant, the plant and the animal, the animal and man, there remained no interſtices.

reſtices. That their growth, duration, and deſtruction, were determined by the ſame cauſes. It was moreover remarked, that nature in all her operations, tended with energy to the formation of man; and that labouring patiently, and even at a diſtance, that important work, ſhe endeavoured, by various eſſays, to arrive at the gradual term of his perfection, which ſeemed to be the utmoſt effort of her power.

THIS cabinet was by no means a chaos, an undigeſted maſs, where the objects, either widely ſcattered, or heaped together, afforded no determinate idea. The gradations were ſkilfully diſpoſed and preſerved. But what moſt of all favoured the arrangement, was, that they had diſcovered a preparation, which preſerved the ſeveral ſubjects from thoſe inſects that ſpring from corruption.

I FOUND myſelf oppreſſed by the weight of ſo many miracles. My eye embraced all the luxury of nature. How at that moment did I reverence its Author! What homage did I render to his power, his wiſdom, and what is even

even ſtill more precious, his goodneſs! How important a being does man appear, when ranging amongſt theſe wonders, collected by his hands; and which ſeem created for him, as he alone has the power of diſcerning their various properties. That line ſo juſtly proportioned, thoſe connections, thoſe ſeeming vacuities, but conſtantly filled; that gradual order, that plan which admits of no intermediate; after ſurveying the heavens, what ſight is more magnificent on the earth, which itſelf, at the ſame time, is but an atom (*a*)? By

(*a*) It muſt be confeſſed, that the hiſtory of nature is nothing more than that of our own weakneſs. The little that we know diſcovers the extent of our ignorance. Phyſics are to us, what an occult ſcience was to the ancients. We cannot conteſt ſome parts of it, but we can deny the whole. What axiom is there peculiar to it? The project of a natural hiſtory is highly commendable, but it is ſomewhat faſtuous. A man ſpends his whole life in diſcovering the leaſt property of a mineral, and dies before he has exhauſted the ſubject. The immenſity of objects, animals, trees, and plants, is ſufficient to awe the capacity of a ſingle man. But ought it to diſcourage him? No; it is here that audacity is virtue, obſtinacy wiſdom, and preſumption utility. We ſhould watch nature ſo cloſely, that ſhe may at laſt, by ſurpriſe, diſcover her ſecret; to find it out ſeems not impoſſible to the human mind, provided

By what wonderful perſeverance, I ſaid, have you been able to perform ſo great a work?

"IT is the work of many kings," they replied; "All jealous of honouring the title of an intelligent being; a ſublime and generous paſſion, ſupported by a conſtant ardor, has inſpired them with the curioſity of plucking off the veil from the boſom of nature. Inſtead of counting battles gained, towns taken by aſſault, unjuſtice, and bloody conqueſts; they ſay of our kings, "He made ſuch a diſcovery in the ocean of beings; he accompliſhed ſuch a project for the good of mankind. They no longer ſpend a hundred million of livres for the deſtruction of their brethren in one campaign; but employ it in augmenting their real riches; in the encouragement of genius and induſtry, and by encreaſing their force, complete the general happineſs."

THERE have been ſecrets diſcovered in all ages, by men in appearance the moſt ſtupid.

vided the chain of obſervations be not interrupted, and that each philoſopher be more anxious for the perfection of ſcience than for his own glory; a rare, but neceſſary ſacrifice, and one that points out the real friend to man.

Many of them have like lightning ſhone for a moment only. We are ſenſible however that nothing is loſt we wiſh to ſave. All is laid up in the boſom of nature; we need but ſearch; it is vaſt, it preſents a thouſand reſources. Nothing is annihilated in the order of beings. By perpetually agitating the maſs of ideas, the moſt unexpected rencounters ariſe (*a*). Fully

(*a*) When we regard the point from which men have ſet out in their philoſophical inquiries, and that to which they are now arrived, it muſt be confeſſed, that with all our machines, we do not ſufficiently extend the force of the human mind. Man, left to himſelf, ſeems more ſtrong, than with all thoſe foreign helps. The more we acquire, the more indolent we become. The infinite number of experiements has ſerved ſcarce any other purpoſe than to conſecrate error. Content with ſeeing, we have thought that we touched the extremity, and have diſdained to ſeek further. Our philoſophers glide over a thouſand important objects, of which they ought to give the ſolution. Experimental philoſophy is become an exhibition, a ſort of public legerdemain. If the experiment that has been promiſed is tardy or diſobedient, the operator frequently corrects it with a touch of his finger. What do we now ſee? Unconnected, uſeleſs diſcoveries; dogmatical philoſophers, who ſacrifice all to their ſyſtems; retailers of words, who confound the vulgar, and excite pity on the man who can take the poliſhed

Fully convinced of the poſſibility of the moſt aſtoniſhing diſcoveries, we have not lingered in the purſuit.

We leave nothing to chance; that word, totally void of meaning, is baniſhed from our language. Chance is a ſynonomous term for ignorance. Sagacity, labour, and patience, are the inſtruments by which nature is compelled to diſcover her moſt hidden treaſures. Men have learnt to derive every poſſible advantage from the gifts they have received. By perceiving the degree to which they could aſcend, they have been ſtimulated by glory to perſue the boundleſs carreer that is ſet before them. The life of a ſingle man, it is ſaid is too ſhort; it is true; and what have we done?

poliſhed covering from off their jargon. The memoirs of the academy of ſciences preſent a multitude of facts, of ſurpriſing obſervations; but all thoſe obſervations reſemble a relation of ſome unknown people, where one man only has been, and where no one can go again. We muſt believe the traveller and the philoſopher, even though they ſhould have deceived themſelves; nor can we draw any utility from their relations, on account of the diſtance of the country, and the difficulty of applying their obſervations to any real objects.

We

we have united the force of each individual; they have acquired an immenſe empire; the one finiſhed what the other began. The chain was never interrupted, but each link cloſely connected with that which went before; thus it has been extended through ſeveral centuries, and this chain of ideas and of ſucceſſive labour, may one day ſurround and embrace the univerſe. It is not merely a perſonal glory, but the intereſt of the human race, ſcarce thought of in your day, that ſupports the moſt difficult enterpriſes.

"We no longer amuſe ourſelves with vain ſyſtems (*a*). Thanks to heaven (and to your folly) they are all exhauſted. The torch of experience alone directs our ſteps. Our end is to know the ſecret cauſes of each appearance, and to extend the dominion of man, by providing him with the means of executing

(*a*) Let the fabricators of ſyſtems, phyſical and metaphyſical, explain to me the following incident. Father Mabillon was, in his younger days, an idiot. When he was ſix and twenty, he fell with his head againſt a ſtone ſtair-caſe. He was trepaned, and became a new man; endowed with a lively imagination, an amazing memory, and a zeal for ſtudy rarely equalled.

all thoſe labours that can aggrandiſe his exiſtence.

" We have certain hermits, (of one order only) who live in the foreſts; but it is to herbaliſe, which they do by choice, and from a natural propenſity. On certain ſtated days they repair hither, to communicate their valuable diſcoveries.

" We have erected towers on the ſummits of ſeveral mountains, where they make obſervations that are continually encreaſing, and that confirm each other. We have formed artificial torrents and cataracts, by which is acquired a force ſufficient to produce the greateſt effects by motion (*a*). We have eſtabliſhed aromatic baths, to rejuvenate the bo-

(*a*) The moſt brilliant and expenſive undertakings are not the moſt to be admired, if they are erected merely for oſtentation. The machine that raiſes the water which ſupplies the gardens of Marley, is not, in the eyes of a wiſe man, of ſo much conſequence as a ſingle wheel, turned by a rivulet, that grinds the corn for ſeveral villages, or aids the labour of the manufacturer. Genius may be powerful, but it is only great when uſeful to mankind.

dies

dies of thoſe who are grown rigid by age; for God has not created ſo many ſalutary plants, and given the knowledge of their virtues to man, but to conſign to his vigilance the care of preſerving his health, and extending the fragile and precious thread of his days.

"OUR public walks, which among you ſeemed calculated for pleaſure only, pay us a uſeful tribute. They are formed of fruit-trees, that delight the view, and embalm the air with their odours. They have taken place of the lime, the barren cheſtnut, and the ſtunted elm. We engraft, and render prolific, wild trees, that our labours may correſpond with the bliſsful liberality of nature, who only waits for that maſter's hand, to whom the Creator, ſo to ſay, has ſubmitted them.

"WE have menageries of large extent, for all ſorts of animals; and have found in the depths of the foreſts, ſeveral ſpecies that were altogether unknown to you. We mix theſe tribes to ſee the effects they will produce. The diſcoveries we have here made are aſto-

niſhing, and highly uſeful, for the ſpecies has ſometimes encreaſed to twice the common ſize. To conclude, we have remarked, that our pains beſtowed on nature, have rarely been ineffectual.

"WE have alſo recovered many ſecrets that were loſt to you, merely for want of perſeverance in the ſearch; for you were more ſollicitous to heap up a great number of words in the form of a book, than to recover, by dint of application, extraordinary inventions. We now poſſeſs, as did the ancients, malleable glaſs; the tranſparent ſtone; the Tyrean purple, with which the imperial robes were dyed; the mirror of Archimides (*a*); the Ægyptian art of embalming; the machine by which they erected their obeliſks; the cloth in which their bodies were conſumed on the funeral pile; the art of liquifying ſtones; the inextinguiſhable lamps, and even the Appian ſauce.

"WALK into theſe gardens, where botany has received all the perfection of which it was

(*a*) *If the moderns have not preciſely this mirror, they have ſomething very like it.*

ſuſcepti-

ſuſceptible (*a*). Your blind philoſophers complained that the earth was replete with poiſons, we have diſcovered, that they are the moſt efficacious remedies that can be employed. Providence has here been juſtified, as it would be in every inſtance, but for the weakneſs of our knowledge. We now no longer hear complaints upon the earth; no mournful voice cries out, "All is evil!" We ſay, that in the ſight of God, "All is good!" Even the effects of theſe poiſons we not only forſee, but know how to prevent.

"We have extracted from plants certain penetrating and benign juices, which, by inſinuating themſelves into the pores of the ſkin, mix with our fluids, eſtabliſh the temperament, and render the body more healthful, more ſuple and robuſt. We have diſcovered the ſe-

(*a*) Thou, who wandereſt over the fields, while thinking on the veſſel that plows the waves, and bears thy treaſure; ſtop, ſhort-ſighted wretch! Thou treadeſt upon an obſcure, but ſalutary herb, that would communicate health and joy to thy heart; a treaſure far more valuable than all thy ſhip contains. After having purſued a thouſand chimeras, end thy labours like J. J. Rouſſeau, by herbaliſing.

cret of diſſolving the ſtone without burning the entrails. We now cure the phthiſis, and every other diſorder formerly deemed incurable (*a*). But the moſt excellent of all our enterpriſes was, the exterminating that dreadful hydra, that cruel and ſhameful plague, which attacked the ſource of life and pleaſure. The human race was on the brink of deſtruction when we diſcovered that happy ſpecific, which has preſerved its being and its pleaſure, ſtill more precious (*a*). In the courſe of our walk, the Buffon of that age joined demonſtration to words, by pointing out to me the objects of nature, and adding his own reflections."

(*a*) It is ſhameful for a man to declare that he has a ſecret uſeful to the human race, and reſerve it for the advantage of himſelf and his family. Alas! What recompenſe would he have? Wretch! Thou mayſt paſs through the midſt of thy brethren, and ſay to thyſelf, "Theſe beings are indebted to me for a part of their health and felicity!" But thou art not poſſeſſed of that noble pride, not affected by that benevolent idea! Go, get gold, thou miſcreant! and debar thy ſoul of that enjoyment. Thou executeſt juſtice, thou puniſheſt thyſelf.

(*b*) I am concerned when I hear any one jeſt on this terrible ſcourge. We ſhould never mention it without tears, and not, in this inſtance, imitate the buffoon Voltaire.

BUT what moſt of all ſurpriſed me, was an optical cabinet, where they had aſſembled all the properties of light. It was a perpetual ſcene of magic. They cauſed to paſs before my eyes landſcapes, proſpects, palaces, rainbows, meteors, luminous cyphers, imaginary ſeas; and which were more ſtriking than even the realities; it was the region of enchantment. The proſpect of creation riſing out of inanity could not have given me a ſenſation more exquiſite and aſtoniſhing.

THEY preſented me with a microſcope, by the aid of which, I perceived new beings that had eſcaped the piercing ſight of our obſervers. So ſimple and wonderful was the art, that the eye was never fatigued. Every advance they made, ſatisfied the moſt ardent curioſity; the ſtronger avidity it appeared to have, the more numerous were the objects that preſented themſelves. O! How great does man here appear? I more than once exclaimed, and how pitiful, comparatively, were they, whom, in my time, they called great (*a*).

WHAT

(*a*) A voluminous work might be compiled of the ſeveral queſtions, natural, moral, and metaphyſical, that

WHAT related to acouſtics was not leſs miraculous. They had acquired the art of imitating all the articulations of the human voice, of the cries of animals, and the various notes of birds. By touching certain ſprings we ſeemed to be inſtantly tranſported to ſome wild foreſt; where we heard the roarings of the lyon, the tyger, and the bear, who ſeemed to be in conflict with each other. The noiſe rent the ear. You would have ſaid that the echo, ſtill more terrible, repeated at a diſtance thoſe horrid and barbarous cries. But ſoon the ſongs of nightingales ſucceded to thoſe diſcordant ſounds. By their harmonious organs each particle of air became melodious; the ear diſcerned even the tremblings of their amourous wings, and thoſe tender

preſent themſelves in crowds to the mind, and about which the man of genius knows no more than the fool; and we might reply in one word to all theſe metaphyſical, moral, and natural queſtions; but it ſhould be that of the profound logogriph or enigma, which ſurrounds us. I do not deſpair but that they will one day diſcover it. I expect every thing from the human mind, when it ſhall know its own faculty, and unite them; and when it ſhall regard its intelligence as a power that ought to penetrate all that is, and ſubject all that it contemplates.

and

and enchanting ſounds which the voice of man can never perfectly imitate. To the intoxication of pleaſure was joined the ſweet ſurpriſe, and the voluptuous ſenſation that aroſe from this happy union, ſeized every heart.

THIS people, who had conſtantly a moral aim even in the prodigies of art, had happily deduced an advantage from this ſurpriſing invention. When a young prince talked of combats, or diſcovered a warlike diſpoſition (*a*), they conducted him to a room, which they properly named, the Hell. The artiſt immediately put the ſprings in motion, and ſaluted his ear with all the horrors of a battle, the cries of rage and of grief; the lamentations of the dying; the ſounds of terror; the bel-

(*a*) Ye mighty potentates, who divide the globe among you, and are furniſhed with cannons, mortars, and numerous weapons, which are diſplayed by the dazling ranks of thoſe armies you ſend to conquer a province or exterminate a kingdom, I know not how it is, but amidſt all your waving enſigns, you appear to me mean and wretched. The Romans, in their public games, diverted themſelves with the pigmies, whom they made to combat each other, but little thought that they were in the eye of a wiſe man, what the dwarfs appeared to them.

lowing of that hideous thunder which is the ſignal of deſtruction and bears the execrable ſound of death. If nature did not then prevail on his mind, if he did not ſend forth a cry of horror, if his countenance remained unmoved and placid, he was confined to that room for the remainder of his days. Every morning, however, they repeated a piece of this muſic, that he might be ſatisfied without the deſtruction of the human race.

THE director of this cabinet, to my great ſurpriſe, exhibited all his infernal opera, without acquainting me of his intention. O heavens! mercy! mercy! I cried with all my ſtrength, ſtoping my ears. O ſpare me, ſpare me! He ſtopped the exhibition.—"How!" he ſaid, "does not this pleaſe you?"—None but a demon, I replied, can be pleaſed with ſuch an horrid uproar.—"This, however, was in your time a very common diverſion, which the kings and princes of Europe all enjoyed, as they did the chace (*a*), which, as has been very juſtly

(*a*) Among the many calamities that now oppreſs Europe, that which I find the moſt advantageous is the depopu-

juſtly remarked, is the true picture of war (*b*). Your poets moreover extolled them for having frighted

population. Since men muſt be miſerable, there are the fewer to ſuffer. If this reflection be cruel, let it fall on them from whom it proceeds.

(*b*) How ſtrange and deplorable is the conſtitution of our political world! Eight or ten crowned heads hold the human race in chains; they correſpond, they afford each other mutual aid, they keep them in their royal hands to gripe them at their pleaſure, even till they produce convulſive motions. This conſpiracy is not covered with a veil, but is open, public, and conducted by ambaſſadors. Our complaints no longer reach their lofty ears. Look around through Europe; it is no other than a vaſt arſenal, where thouſands of barrels of powder want only a ſingle ſpark of fire to ſet them in combuſtion. Frequently it is the hand of a hare-brained miniſter that puts them in exploſion; he ſets fire at once to the north and the ſouth, to the two extremities of the earth. What an immenſe quantity of cannons, mortars, muſkets, balls, bullets, ſwords, balloons, &c. of murdering ſlaves, obedient to the whip of diſcipline, attend the orders of a cabinet, to diſplay its bloody parade! Geometry itſelf has profaned its divine attributes by aſſiſting the fury ſometimes of ambitious, and ſometimes capricious ſovereigns. With what preciſion do they deſtroy an army, bombard a camp, beſiege or burn a city! I have ſeen academicians in cool blood conſult on the charging a cannon. Alas! gentlemen, ſtay till you have at leaſt a principality. What imports it you whoſe name governs in any particular country? Your patriot-

frightened all the birds from the ſky for ten leagues round, and for ſagaciouſly providing provender for the ravens; but, above all things, thoſe poets were extremely fond of de-

iſm is a falſe virtue, and dangerous to humanity. Let us examine a little into the ſignification of the word *patriot*. To have an attachment to any ſtate, it is neceſſary to be a member of that ſtate. Now, if you except two or three republics, there is, properly ſpeaking, no ſuch thing as a country. Why ſhould the Engliſhman be my enemy? I am connected to him by commerce, by the arts, and by every other relation poſſible; there is no natural antipathy between us. Why, therefore, would you, that by paſſing certain limits, I ſhould ſeparate my intereſt from that of other men? What we call patriotiſm is a phantaſy invented by kings, and deſtructive to mankind; for, if my nation were three times leſs than it is, I ſhould have three times as many more to hate; my affections therefore muſt depend on the variable limits of dominions; in the courſe of the ſame year, I muſt deſtroy my neighbour, and be friends with him that I endeavoured to maſſacre the day before; ſo that, in fact, I only maintain the rights of a capricious maſter, who would hold my ſoul in ſubjection. No; in my judgment, Europe ſhould form but one vaſt ſtate; and I dare to wiſh that it may be united under one government. All things properly conſidered, it would be highly advantageous. Then I could be in reality a patriot; but, at the preſent day, what is it we call liberty? "Nothing more" (ſays a certain writer) "than the heroiſm of ſlavery."

ſcribing

ſcribing a battle."—Oh! I intreat you, ſpeak no more of the epidemic diſeaſe which then afflicted the human race. Alas! they were all ſeized with the ſymptoms of rage and folly; cowardly kings, from their faſtuous thrones, gave the word for murder; and the paſſive herd, guarded by one dog only, ran chearfully to the ſlaughter. How was it poſſible to reclaim them at that time of illuſion? how break the magic taliſman? A little club, a ribband red or blue, a ſmall enamelled croſs, communicated every where a ſpirit of intoxication and fury. Others became poſſeſſed by the mere ſight of a cockade, or a few doits. The cure neceſſarily required time; but I was fully convinced, that, ſooner or later, the lenient balm of philoſophy would cicatriſe all thoſe ſhameful wounds (*a*).

(*a*) What a ſight! two hundred thouſand men ſpread over a vaſt country, and only wait for the ſignal to cut each other's throat, to maſſacre one another in the face of the ſun and amidſt the flowers of the ſpring. It is not hatred that excites them: No; they are commanded by kings to murder each other. If this cruel event had never happened but once, would not they who had not been witneſſes to it have had a juſt right to doubt its veracity? This thought is M. Gaillard's.

THEY

THEY conducted me to the cabinet of the mathematics. It appeared richly ſtored, and in the moſt perfect order. They had baniſhed from this ſcience all that reſembled the ſport of children, all that was merely dry and trifling ſpeculation, or that ſurpaſſed the bounds of the human capacity. I ſaw machines of every kind that were proper to aſſiſt the arm of man, and ſuch as contained much greater powers than are known to us; they were adapted to all ſorts of motions; and by the aid of theſe, the heavieſt weights were managed with facility.—"You have ſeen," they ſaid, "thoſe obeliſks, thoſe triumphal arches, thoſe palaces, and other ſtately buildings that aſtoniſh the ſight. They are not the produce of mere ſtrength, of numbers, or dexterity: it is by the aid of finiſhed machines, that they have been conſtructed." In a word, I here found the greateſt variety of the moſt accurate inſtruments, for the uſe of geometry, aſtronomy, and the other ſciences.

ALL they who had attempted experiments that were new, bold, maſterly, and that promiſed great utility, even though they did not ſucceed (for inſtruction may be gained from diſ-

diſappointment) had their buſts erected, and decorated with their proper attributes.

THEY whiſpered, moreover, that many remarkable, and even wonderful ſecrets, were confided to the care of a ſmall number of their ſages; for there are matters, good in themſelves, that may be abuſed in their application (*a*). The human mind, in their opinion, was not yet ſufficiently ſtrong to make uſe of the moſt rare or moſt powerful diſcoveries without danger (*b*).

(*a*) King Ezechias (as the Scripture informs us) ſuppreſſed a book that treated of the virtues of plants, for fear that, by making a wrong uſe of it, they ſhould even create diſeaſes. The fact is curious, and affords matter for much reflection.

(*b*) What a horrible day was that for the human race, when a monk formed of ſalt-petre a murdering powder! Arioſto tells us, that the devil having invented a carabine, touched by pity, threw it into a river. Alas! there is no longer any aſylum upon the earth; courage now is uſeleſs; the artillery is in the hands of a ſmall number of men, and renders them abſolute maſters of our exiſtence.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

The Academy of Painting.

AS the arts among this people are connected not only in a figurative, but in a real ſenſe; before I had gone many ſteps I found myſelf at the academy of painting. I entered ſeveral large ſalons, adorned with the works of the greateſt maſters, each of which afforded a moral and inſtructive treatiſe. There was no longer ſeen that perpetual mythology, a thouſand times repeated, which though ingenious in the infancy of the art, was now become diſguſtful. The moſt pleaſing objects loſe at laſt their charms: repetition is the language of a dunce. Thus it had happened to all thoſe groſs flatteries, with which the fawning painters had deify'd Lewis XIV. Time, like truth, had devoured all the lying canvas; as it had ſent to their proper place the inſipid verſes of Boileau, and the prologues of Quinault, the arts were forbid to falſify (*a*). There

(*a*) When I ſee, in the gallery of Verſailles, Lewis XIV. with a thunderbolt in his hand, ſeated upon the azure clouds,

There, moreover, no longer existed any of that order of men they called connoisseurs, who directed the artist with a golden ingot in their hands. Genius was free, followed it own laws and no longer debased itself.

AMONG these moral paintings there were seen no brutal battles, no shameful debaucheries of the fabulous gods, much less sovereigns surrounded by virtues of which they were remarkably deficient. Such subjects only as were proper to inspire sentiments of dignity and virtue were here exhibited. All the pagan divinities, equally absurd and scandalous, were avoided by the precious pencil, now destined to commemo-

clouds, like an avenging deity, the disdainful pity I feel for the pencil of le Brun is almost reflected on the art: but when I consider that the painting survives both the thundering god, and the artist who created him, I smile.

The first time Lewis XIV. saw a Teniers, he turned away his head with an air of disdain, and ordered it to be removed from the apartment, If that monarch was disgusted with those good folks that dance and sing; if he preferred the furious trooper scowering through the dust and smoke of a camp, the complexion of his mind is manifest.

rate

rate the moſt important actions; by whic his meant thoſe that give a noble idea of man; ſuch as clemency, generoſity, perſeverance, courage, and a diſdain of luxury.

I found that they had exhibited all thoſe important ſubjects that deſerve to paſs down to poſterity: the greatneſs of ſoul conſpicuous in certain ſovereigns was in particular immortalized. I ſaw Henry IV. nouriſhing the city he beſieged; Sully ſlowly counting out a ſum of money, that was deſtined for his maſter's pleaſures; Lewis XIV. on his death-bed, crying out, "I now find I have been too fond of war;" Trajan tearing his veſtment to bind up the wounds of an unhappy man; Marcus Aurelius deſcending from his horſe, during a haſty enterprize, to receive the petition of a poor woman. Titus diſtributing food and remedies to the ſick. St. Hilaire ſtretching out his arm, and ſhowing his ſon, who wept, Turenne ſeated amidſt the duſt; the generous Fabius putting on the chains of a galley ſlave in the room of his father, &c. I ſaw no gloomy or cruel ſubjects. No beggarly courtiers here ſaid, with a ſneer, "Even the painters now preach!" Every one acknowledged

ledged their merit, in having ſelected the moſt ſublime objects in human nature, that is, grand repreſentations of the ſubjects of hiſtory. They had wiſely determined that nothing was more important. All the arts had made, ſo to ſay, a wonderful aſſociation in favour of humanity. This happy agreement had thrown a greater luſtre on the ſacred effigy of virtue; it was become more adorable, and its aſpect, always charming, afforded a public inſtruction, as juſt as it was ſtriking. Alas! how is it poſſible to reſiſt the power of the fine arts, when with one voice they extoll and dignify the free and noble citizen?

All theſe pictures attracted the eye, as well by the execution as by the deſign. Theſe painters had united the Flemiſh colouring with the Italian drawing; or rather they had, by a profound ſtudy, ſurpaſſed them. Honours, the only riches of the great man, at once animated and rewarded his labours. Nature ſeemed to appear as in a mirror. The friend of virtue was unable to contemplate theſe beautiful painting without the tender ſigh of pleaſure. The guilty dared not to look upon them; they feared leſt

theſe animated figures ſhould aſſume a voice, accuſe, and confound them.

THEY told me that theſe pictures were exhibited to the people; ſtrangers were alſo admitted; for they practiſed not that mean tyranny which excludes all who come from beyond a certain limit. Every year they propoſed four ſubjects, that the artiſt might have time to give his work a due degree of perfection. The moſt finiſhed eaſily obtained the ſuffrage of the people; for attention was paid to the general voice, which is commonly that of equity itſelf. The others, however, were ſure to receive their due portion of praiſe. They were far from the injuſtice of diſcouraging the ſcholar. The eſtabliſhed maſters were void of that unworthy and baſe jealouſy, which baniſhed Pouſſin far from his country, and cauſed Le Seur to periſh in the flower of his days. They had diveſted themſelves of that dangerous and fatal prejudice, which, in my time, permitted no ſcholar to follow any other manner than that of his maſter. They did not make inſipid copyiſts of thoſe who, directed by good precepts, and then left to themſelves, would have attained the

the height of their profeſſion. The diſciple, in a word, did not bend under a yoke that rendered him ſpiritleſs; nor pace, with ſlow and trembling ſteps, after a capricious maſter, and one too whom he was obliged to flatter. If he proved to be a man of genius, he went before him, and his preceptor was the firſt to glory in his advancement.

THERE were ſeveral academies of drawing, painting, ſculpture, and practical geometry. Theſe arts, dangerous in my age, becauſe they encouraged luxury, pride, cupidity, and debauchery, were now become highly uſeful, as they were only employed to inſpire ſentiments of virtue, and to give to the city that majeſty, thoſe charms, that noble and ſimple taſte, which by a ſecret connection elevates the minds of the people.

THESE ſchools were open to the public. The diſciples worked under its auſpices. Every one was permitted to declare his opinion. This did not, however, prevent the anthoriſed directors from making a proper inſpection. But no ſcholar was conſidered as dependent on any particular

cular maſter, but as related to them all in general. By avoiding the appearance of a deſpotic power, ſo fatal to a maſterly and free genius, they were enabled to produce artiſts who had ſurpaſſed the chef-d'œuvres of antiquity. Their paintings were ſo highly finiſhed, that the remains of Raphael and Rubens were no longer ſought after, but by ſome obſtinate and opinionated antiquaries.

It is needleſs to ſay that all the arts and profeſſions were equally free. It is only in a weak, barbarous, and tyrannic age, that fetters are given to induſtry; that a ſum of money is required of him who would labour in any profeſſion, inſtead of affording him a recompenſe. All thoſe little ludicrous corporations ſerve no other purpoſe, by collecting a number of people together, but to ferment their paſſions to a more violent degree. A multitude of indeterminable incidents ariſe from that bondage, which neceſſarily render them enemies to each other. So in a priſon, men, when chained together, communicate their rancour and their vices. By endeavouring to prevent private intereſts, they have rendered it more active,

which is juſt the contrary to what a wiſe legiſlature ſhould purſue. A thouſand diſorders proceed from this perpetual conſtraint, by which men are prevented from exerciſing their particular talents. From hence ſpring idleneſs and fraud. The misfortune ariſes from the impotence of thoſe who would relieve themſelves from that deplorable ſtate, in which they are held by an arm of braſs, and which nothing but gold can relax. The monarch, to enjoy a trifling tribute, has deſtroyed the moſt ſacred liberty, and choaked up all the ſources of ſpirit and induſtry.

AMONG theſe people, well inſtructed in the rights of mankind, each one followed that particular employ to which his genius led him; the ſure pledge of ſucceſs. They who had no propenſity to the fine arts, applied themſelves to more attainable profeſſions; for no mediocrity is allowable in works of genius. The glory of the nation appears to be affected by thoſe talents, which diſtinguiſh not only men, but empires.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

Emblematic Paintings.

I ENTERED a ſeparate apartment, where they had repreſented the ſeveral ages. To each of them was given, beſides its natural phyſiognomy, thoſe features by which it was diſtinguiſhed from its brethren. The age of ignorance was clothed in a black and mournful robe. Her eyes were red and gloomy, and in her hand ſhe bore a torch. At a diſtance was ſeen a funeral pile, before which ſtood prieſts covered with a long veil, and human victims, their eyes concealed by bandages, who were devoted to the flames.

FURTHER on I ſaw a wild enthuſiaſt, without any other merit than that of a heated imagination, with which he fired thoſe of his fellow citizens, not leſs inflammable; and by thundering forth the name of the deity, he drew after him a crowd of people, as a docile herd run after the voice of the ſhepherd. Even kings quitted their thrones, abandoned their depopulated

lated ſtates, and believing they heard a voice from heaven, ſacrificed themſelves, their crowns, and their ſubjects, in the midſt of vaſt deſerts. In the back ground was ſeen Superſtition ſtriding over the heads of mankind, and ſhaking her murdering torch. Gigantic monſter! her feet touched the two extremities of the earth, and her arm, holding the palm of martyrdom, was extended to the clouds.

ANOTHER, leſs ardent, but more contemplative, was devoted to myſtery and allegory, and wrapt up in the marvellous; was conſtantly ſurrounded by enigmas, and endeavouring to thicken the ſhades by which he was enveloped. There were ſeen the Platonic years, the numbers of Pythagoras, the verſes of the Sybils, the powerful charms of magic, and thoſe preſtiges, ſometimes ingenious and ſometimes inſipid, that the mind of man has created.

ANOTHER held in his hand an aſtrolabe, attentively regarded the calendar, and calculated the hours fortunate and unfortunate. A cold and ſilent gravity was imprinted on his protracted viſage. He turned pale at the con-

junction of two ſtars. The preſent hour was nothing to him, and the future was his executioner. His religion was directed by the ridiculous jargon of aſtrology, and he embraced that phantom as an immoveable column.

THEN appeared a figure covered with armour; his head was encloſed in a brazen helmet, and in his hand he bore a lance. He breathed nothing but ſingle combat. The ſoul of this hero was more hardened than the ſteel that covered him. It was by arms alone that right, opinion, juſtice, and truth, were to be decided. In the back ground were ſeen the field of combat, judges and heralds ſupported the vanquiſhed, or rather the guilty.

IN another part was ſeen a figure totally burleſque. A Gothic architect, erecting columns that had no proportion to the weight they ſupported, and which were charged with ridiculous ornaments; and thoſe he thought a refinement in building, unknown to the Greeks or Romans. The ſame irregularity was conſpicuous in his logic, which conſiſted of abſtract ideas, and perpetual chicanery. At a diſtance

were

were ſeen a ſort of ſleep-walkers, who talked and acted with their eyes open, but, plunged in a long dream, never connected two ideas, unleſs by chance.

THUS every age ſucceſſively preſented itſelf; but the detail would be here too long. I ſtood for ſome time regarding the eighteenth century, induced by my ancient connection with it. It was repreſented by the painter under the figure of a woman. A number of borrowed and coſtly ornaments loaded her proud and delicate head. Her neck, her arms, and breaſt, were covered with pearls and diamonds. Her eyes were bright and ſparkling, but a ſomewhat affected ſmile gave an air of grimace to her mouth. Her cheeks were covered with a flaming red. Art appeared to be mixed with her words, as with her looks; they were alluring, but not true. She held in each hand a long roſe-coloured ribband, which ſeemed ornaments, but concealed two iron chains, by which ſhe was ſtrongly bound. She had, however, liberty enough to geſticulate, to prance, and gambol, and this ſhe did to exceſs, in order, (as it ſhould ſeem) to diſguiſe her ſlavery, or at leaſt to make it more eaſy and pleaſing.

I examined her figure with attention, and tracing the drapery of her veſtment, I perceived that her pompous robe was at the bottom in tatters, and covered with dirt. Her naked feet were plunged in a kind of bog; her lower extremities were as hideous as her head was brilliant. She appeared in this dreſs not much unlike one of thoſe ſtrumpets who walk the ſtreets at the beginning of the night. I diſcovered behind her a number of children, with meagre livid aſpects, who cried to their mother while they devoured a morſel of black bread. She endeavoured to hide them with her robe, but between the tatters thoſe wretched infants ſtill appeared. At a diſtance in the picture were ſeen ſuperb palaces, buildings of marble, parterres artfully laid out, vaſt foreſts peopled with deer, where the horn reſounded from afar. But the country, half uncultivated, was filled with wretched peaſants, who harraſſed by fatigue, ſunk under their burthens: then appeared men who forced away part of them to the wars, and took from the reſt their beds and their kettles (*a*).

THE

(*a*) Tyranny is a dangerous tree, which ſhould be rooted out as ſoon as planted. The beauty of this tree is deceitful.

THE characters of the different nations were expreſſed with equal fidelity. By colours variegated with a thouſand mixtures, by a gloomy and melancholy countenance, was diſtinguiſhed the jealous and vindictive Italian. In the ſame picture his thoughtful looks diſappeared in the midſt of a concert; the painter had ſeized, with remarkable addreſs, that criſis to make him become ſuple in an inſtant. The back ground contained a repreſentation of the droll jeſts of pantomimes.

THE Engliſhman, in an attitude rather haughty than majeſtic, ſtanding upon the point

ceitful. While young it appears crowned with flowers and laurels, but is ſecretly nouriſhed by blood. It ſoon grows, ſpreads its branches, and liſts its lofty head. It covers all that ſurrounds it with a faſtuous and deadly ſhade. The neighbouring fruits and flowers periſh, deprived of the beneficent rays of the ſun, which it intercepts. It compels the earth to nouriſh none but itſelf. It at laſt becomes like that venomous tree, whoſe ſweet fruit is poiſon, and that changes the drops of rain which diſtil from its leaves into a corroſive fluid, that give the weary traveller at once ſleep and death. In the mean time its trunk becomes knotty, its ſap is changed into hard wood, and the branches of its brazen root are extended; the ax of liberty becomes blunt, and can make no impreſſion on it.

of a rock, commanded the ocean, and gave to a veſſel the ſignal to viſit the new world, and bring him back its treaſures. His bold looks declared that his private liberty was equal to that of the public. Contending fleets, growling under the ſtrokes of the tempeſt, afforded his ear ſweet harmony. His hand was conſtantly ready to ſeize the ſword of civil war, and with a ſmile he looked ſtedfaſt at a ſcaffold, on which fell a head and a crown.

THE German, under a ſky that flaſhed with lightning, was deaf to the roaring of the elements: it was hard to ſay whether he braved them, or was inſenſible. His eagles tore each other by his ſide, which to him it was mere diverſion. Wrapped up in himſelf he beheld his deſtiny with a philoſophic or inſenſible eye.

The Frenchman, full of noble and elevated graces, preſented a refined aſpect. His figure was not original, but his manner was great. Imagination and judgment were expreſſed in his countenance; he ſmiled with an addreſs that ſeemed to approach deceit. There ran through the whole of his figure much uniformity.

mity. His colours were pleaſing, but there was nothing of that boldneſs, nor of that fine effect of lights, which were admired in the other pictures. The ſight was fatigued by a multiplicity of details, that reciprocally injured each other. An innumerable crowd bore little drums, which they were continually beating, and thought they imitated the roaring of canon: It was a paſſion as buſy and boiſterous, as it was weak and tranſient.

CHAP. VII.

Sculpture and Engraving.

SCULPTURE, not leſs pleaſing than her elder ſiſter, diſplayed in turn all the wonders of her art, which was no longer proſtituted to thoſe impudent ſons of wealth, who debaſed it by executing repreſentions of their venal figures, or ſome other ſubject equally deſpicable. The artiſt, provided for by the government, conſecrated his talent to merit and virtue only. There was not here ſeen, as in our apartments,

by the ſide of the king's buſt, the vile tax-gatherer who deceived and defrauded him, preſenting without ſhame his baſe phyſiognomy. Does a man, by advancing himſelf in a career of memorable actions become worthy of the regard of poſterity? Does another perform ſome great and valiant exploit? The animated artiſt then charges himſelf with the public acknowledgment; he meditates in private one of the moſt maſterly performances of his days, and, without adding the portrait of the author, he preſently produces his work and obtains permiſſion to immortaliſe himſelf with the hero; his labour ſtrikes every eye, and has no need of a frigid commentary. The ſculptor was expreſly forbid thoſe ſubjects that did not ſpeak to the mind, and conſequently the fine marble, or other matters equally valuable, were no longer waſted.

All thoſe licentious ſubjects that loaded our chimney pieces were ſtrictly prohibited. Men of merit had no conception of our legiſlation, when they read in hiſtory that in an age which ſo frequently pronounced the words Religion and Morality, the father of a family ſhould exhibit

exhibit ſcenes of debauchery to the eyes of his children, under pretence that they were maſterpieces of art; that they ſhould expoſe objects capable of heating the moſt tranquil imagination, and of filling young minds, open to every impreſſion, with diſorderly ideas; they were grieved at this public and criminal practice of depraving the mind before it was completely formed (*a*).

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(*a*) Among other public abuſes propoſed to be redreſſed, may be ranked thoſe licentious ſhews that offend not only againſt ſound morals but good ſenſe, equally reſpectable. When ſpeaking of the theatres, we forget to mention the tumblers and rope dancers; but the diſpoſition of a work is of no great moment, provided the author there includes all his ideas. I ſhall, like Montaigne, turn back upon every occaſion; I diſregard the cenſure of the critics; I flatter myſelf, that, at leaſt, I ſhall not be, like them, diſguſtful. To return then to the tumblers and rope-dancers, ſo common and ſo ſhocking; ſhould they be tolerated by humane magiſtrates? After having employed all their time in exerciſes equally aſtoniſhing and frivolous, they riſk their lives in public, and tell a thouſand ſpectators, that the death of a man is a matter of very little conſequence. The attitudes of theſe performers are beſide indecent, and offend both the eye and the heart. They perhaps alſo accuſtom minds not yet formed to find no pleaſure but in that which is attended with danger, and to think that the life of a man may make part of our diver-

An artiſt, to whom I applied for information, carefully explained to me all theſe great changes. He told me, that in the nineteenth century there was a great ſcarcity of marble, ſo that they were obliged to have recourſe to the heap of financiers, tax-gatherers, and ſecretaries buſts, which were ſo many blocks in part ready prepared; they were therefore eaſily reformed, and became finiſhed pieces.

I passed into the laſt gallery, not leſs curious than the others for the multiplicity of pieces it contained. There was aſſembled an univerſal collection of drawings and engravings. Notwithſtanding the great improvements in the laſt art, they had preſerved the works of the preceding ages; for it is not with prints as with books; a book muſt be either good or bad, whereas a print, which preſents itſelf to the eye only, may always ſerve as an object of compariſon.

ſions. It will be ſaid, that this is moraliſing on very triſling ſubjects; but I have remarked that theſe wretched performances have much more influence on the multitude than all thoſe arts that have ſome appearance of rationality.

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THIS gallery, which owed its origin to the age of Lewis XV. was now very differently diſpoſed. It was no longer a ſmall room, in the midſt of which was a table that could ſcarce contain a dozen artiſts, and where you might go ten times before you found a vacant place. That cloſet, moreover, was open only on certain days, in the whole ſcarce a tenth part of the year, and which ſmall portion was liable to be abridged at any time by the caprice of the director. Theſe galleries were open every day, and committed to the care of polite aſſiſtants, who were punctually paid, that they might ſerve the public with the ſame punctuality. In this ſpacious room, you were ſure to find a print of each painting and ſculpture contained in the other galleries; it preſented an abridgment of thoſe chef-d'œuvres which they had laboured to immortaliſe, and to diffuſe to the greateſt degree poſſible.

ENGRAVING is as fruitful and happy as printing; it has the advantage of multiplying its impreſſion, as printing does its copies; and by that mean every private perſon, every ſtranger, may procure a rival copy of a painting. All

the inhabitants decorate, without jealouſy, their walls with theſe intereſting ſubjects, which repreſent examples of virtue and heroiſm. We no longer ſee thoſe pretended connoiſſeurs, no leſs futile than ignorant, who purſue an imaginary perfection at the expence of their eaſe and their wealth, conſtantly liable to be duped, and to which they were remarkably diſpoſed.

I RAN over with avidity thoſe voluminous works in which the engraver had deſcribed, with ſo much facility and preciſion, not only the contours, but the colours of nature; all the paintings were expreſſed to perfection; but what had moſt engaged their attention were thoſe objects that relate to the arts and ſciences. The plates of the Encyclopedia had been entirely regraved, and they had more carefully attended to that rigourous preciſion which is their chief merit, as the leaſt error is of the higheſt conſequence. I obſerved a magnificent courſe of natural philoſophy treated in the ſame manner; and as that ſcience is, in a peculiar manner, the object of the ſenſes, it is by the figures relative to it, that, perhaps, we attain juſt ideas of all its parts. An art that affords

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ſo many uſeful ſubjects is deſerving of high eſteem, and they had here given it freſh marks of conſideration.

I OBSERVED, that all was executed in true taſte; that they followed the manner of Gerrard Audran, and which they had improved by carrying it to the higheſt degree of perfection poſſible. The flouriſhes in books were no longer called cochins; and many other like miſerable phraſes were aboliſhed (*a*).

THE engravers had deſiſted from the uſe of that pernicious glaſs, which deſtroyed their ſight entirely. The connoiſſeurs of this age were no admirers of thoſe little points in which all the merit of modern engraving conſiſts; they preferred large, free, regular ſtrokes, that expreſſed every thing with certain touches that were juſt and nobly deſigned. The engraver readily conſulted the painter, who, in his turn, avoided affecting the caprice of a maſter. They eſteemed one another, they lived together as friends and equals, and were far from reflecting

(*a*) M. Voltaire ſhould be ſatisfied before-hand; he, who has ſo long pleaded for this important reformation.

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the faults of any work on each other. Engraving was, moreover, become of great advantage to the ſtate, by the commerce of prints with foreigners, ſo that of theſe artiſts it may be ſaid, that under their propitious hands copper becomes gold.

CHAP. VIII.

The Hall of Audience.

I COULD not quit theſe rich galleries without the greateſt regret; but my inſatiable curioſity, that would leave nothing unſeen, carried me into the center of the city. I ſaw a great multitude, compoſed of each ſex, and of every age, that flocked with precipitation toward a portal that was magnificently decorated. I heard from different parts, "Let us make haſte! our good king has, perhaps, already mounted his throne; we ſhall ſcarce ſee him aſcend it to-day."—I followed the crowd, but was much aſtoniſhed to find that there were no ferocious guards to beat back the thronging people.

people. I came to a moſt ſpacious hall, ſupported by many columns; I advanced, and at laſt came near to the monarch's throne. No; it is impoſſible to conceive an idea of royal majeſty more pleaſing, more auguſt, more graceful and engaging. I was melted, even to tears. I ſaw no thundering Jupiter, no terrible apparatus, no inſtruments of vengeance. Four figures of white marble, repreſenting fortitude, temperance, juſtice, and clemency, ſupported a plain armed chair of white ivory, which was elevated merely to extend the voice. The chair was crowned with a canopy, ſupported by a hand, the arm of which ſeemed to come out of the vaulted roof. On each ſide of the throne there were two tables; on one ſide was engraved the law of the ſtate, and the limits of the royal authority; and on the other, the duties of kings and of ſubjects. In front was a woman ſuckling a child; a faithful emblem of royalty. The firſt ſtep to the throne, was in form of a tomb. Upon it was wrote in large characters, ETERNITY. Under this ſtep repoſed the embalmed body of the laſt monarch, there to remain till deplaced by his ſon. From thence he cried to his heirs, that they were all

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mortal; that the dream of royalty was near finiſhed; that then nothing would remain to them but their renown.

THIS vaſt place was already filled with people, when I ſaw the monarch approach, clothed in a blue mantle that gracefully flowed behind him; his forehead was bound with a branch of olive, that was his diadem; he never appeared in public without this reſpectable ornament, which was revered by others and by himſelf. There were loud acclamations when he mounted the throne, and he did not appear inſenſible to the cries of joy. Scarce was he ſeated, when an awful ſilence was ſpread over the whole aſſembly. I liſtened with attention. His miniſters read to him, with a loud voice, an account of every thing remarkable that had paſſed ſince the laſt audience. If the truth had been diſguiſed, the people were there to confound the detractor. Their demands were not forgot. An account was rendered of the execution of orders before given. This reading always concluded with the daily price of proviſions and merchandiſe. The monarch hears, and approves by a nod, or refers the matter to a more minute examination:

nation. But if from the bottom of the hall there ſhould be heard a voice complaining, or condemning any one article; though it were that of the meaneſt citizen, he is brought forward to a little circle formed before the throne; there he explains his ideas (*a*); and if he appear to be right, he is attended to, applauded, and thanked; the ſovereign regards him with a favourable aſpect; but if, on the contrary, he advances nothing to the purpoſe, or what appears plainly to be founded on private advantage, he is diſmiſſed with diſgrace, and the hoots of the people follow him to the door. Every man may preſent himſelf without any other apprehenſion than that of incurring the public deriſion, if what he propoſe be unjuſt or ſelf-intereſted.

(*a*) It is one of the greateſt misfortunes in France, that the police and adminiſtration of all affairs is directed entirely by the magiſtrates, by men inveſted with a place and a title, who never deign to conſult (at leaſt on the part of the public) private perſons that are frequently endowed with knowledge and ſagacity to an eminent degree. The moſt worthy and accompliſhed citizen cannot diſplay his uſeful talents and the dignity of his ſentiments, unleſs poſſeſſed of a public employment; he muſt ſtifle his noble deſigns, be a witneſs to the moſt flagrant abuſes, and be ſilent.

Two

Two principal officers of the crown accompany the monarch in all public ceremonies, and walk by his ſide; the one carries, on the point of a ſpear, an ear of corn, and the other a branch of the vine (*a*), which ſerve conſtantly to remind him that they are the two ſupports of the ſtate and the throne. He is followed by the pantler of the crown, bearing a baſket of loaves, which he diſtributes to every one that aſks. This baſket is the ſure thermometer of the public diſtreſs; and when it is found empty, the miniſters are diſmiſſed and puniſhed; the baſket, however, conſtantly remains full, and declares the public proſperity.

THIS auguſt ſeſſion is held every week, and laſts three hours. I went from the hall with a heart filled with complacency, and with the profoundeſt reſpect for this monarch, whom I loved as a father, and revered as a protecting divinity.

(*a*) The emperor Tai-ſung walking in the country, and ſeeing a number of peaſants at work, ſaid to his ſon, who attended him, "Without the ſweat and labour of theſe men, neither you nor I ſhould have any empire."

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I CONVERSED with ſeveral perſons on all that I had ſeen and heard; they were ſurpriſed at my aſtoniſhment; all theſe things ſeemed to them quite ſimple and natural.—"Why," ſaid one of them, "will you have the raſhneſs to compare the preſent time to an extravagant and capricious age; that entertained falſe ideas of the moſt ſimple matters, when pride was greatneſs, when ſplendor and oſtentation were all, and when virtue was regarded as a phantom, the mere imagination of dreaming philoſophers (*a*).

(*a*) We ſhould pay a reſpect to popular prejudices! is the language of narrow and puſillanimous ſouls, to whom the mere exiſtence of a law is ſufficient to make it ſacred. Does the man of virtue, to whom alone it belongs to love or hate, acknowledge this criminal moderation? No; he charges himſelf with the public vengeance, his right is founded on his genius, and the juſtice of his cauſe on the acknowledgment of poſterity.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

The Form of Government.

MAY I aſk what is the preſent form of government? Is is monarchical, democratic, or ariſtocratic (*a*)?—" It is neither of them; it is rational, and made for man. Monarchy is no more. Monarchical governments, as you knew, though to little purpoſe, loſe themſelves in deſpotiſm, as the rivers are loſt in the boſom of the ocean; and deſpotiſm ſoon ſinks under its own weight (*b*). This has been

(*a*) The genius of a nation does not depend on the atmoſphere that ſurrounds it; the climate is not the phyſical cauſe of its grandeur or debaſement. Force and courage belong to all the people of the earth; but the cauſes that put them in motion and ſuſtain them, are derived from certain circumſtances, that are ſometimes ſudden, ſometimes ſlow in their operations; but, ſooner or later, they never fail to arrive. Happy are the people who, by information or by inſtinct, ſeize the criſis!

(*b*) Would you know what are the general principles that habitually prevail in the councils of a monarch? here follows the ſubſtance of what is there ſaid, or rather of what is there done. Taxes of every kind ſhould be multiplied,

been all literally accompliſhed, and never was there a more certain prophecy.

"WHEN

tiplied, for the prince can never be rich enough, conſidering that he is obliged to maintain armies and the officers of his houſhold, who ought, by all means, to be extremely magnificent. If the people complain of theſe loads they do wrong, and muſt be curbed.

No injuſtice can be done them, for in reality they have nothing but what the good will of the prince gives them, and which he may take again whenever he ſhall think fit, eſpecially if the intereſt or ſplendor of his crown require it. Beſide, it is notorious, that a people at their eaſe, and in the midſt of plenty, become leſs laborious, and may become inſolent. We ſhould therefore retrench their proſperity that we may add to their ſubmiſſion. The poverty of the ſubject is forever the ſtrongeſt rampart of a monarch; and the poorer the individuals are, the more obedient the nation will be. Once taught to ſubmit, they will perform it by habit, which is the moſt certain method of being obeyed. It is not ſufficient that they merely ſubmit, they ſhould be taught to believe, that the ſpirit of wiſdom here preſides in the higheſt perfection, and ſubmit accordingly, without daring to diſpute about the decrees that proceed from our infallible knowledge.

If a philoſopher ſhould have acceſs to this prince, and advancing to the midſt of his council, ſhould ſay to him, "Take heed how you give credit to theſe evil counſellors; you are ſurrounded by the enemies of your family: your grandeur and ſecurity are founded leſs on an arbitrary

"WHEN we conſider the lights that have been acquired, it would doubtleſs be a diſgrace to the human race, to have meaſured the diſtance between the ſun and the earth, to have weighed the heavenly orbs, and not to have diſcovered thoſe ſimple and efficacious laws by which mankind ſhould be governed. It is true, that pride, luxury, and ſelf-intereſt produce a thouſand obſtacles; but how glorious is it to diſcover the means of making thoſe private paſſions ſubſervient to the general good! The veſſel that plows the ocean commands the elements at the ſame moment that it is obedient to their empire; ſubmiſſive to a double impulſe, it inceſ-

arbitrary power, than on the love of your people. If they are unhappy, they will the more ardently wiſh for a revolution, and will ſhake either your throne, or that of your children. The people are immortal, but you muſt paſs away. The majeſty of the throne reſides more in a truly paternal tenderneſs, than in an unlimited power; that power is violent, and contrary to the order of nature. By being more moderate, you will become more potent. Set an example of juſtice, and know that it is by morality alone that a prince becomes powerful and reſpectable." This philoſopher would certainly be taken for an enthuſiaſt, and perhaps they would not even vouchſafe to puniſh him for his virtue.

ſantly re-acts againſt them. You there ſee, perhaps, the moſt lively image of a ſtate; born up by tempeſtuous paſſions, it receives from them its movements, and at the ſame time reſiſts the ſtorm. "The art of the pilot is all." Your political light was nothing more than a crepuſcule; and you wretchedly complained of the Author of nature, at the ſame time that he had given you both intelligence and ſtrength for government. There only wanted a loud voice to rouſe the multitude from their lethargy. If oppreſſion thundered on your heads, you ought to have accuſed your own weakneſs only. Liberty and happineſs appertain to thoſe who dare to ſeize them. All is revolution in this world; the moſt happy of all has had its point of maturity, and we have gathered its fruits (*a*).

(*a*) In certain ſtates it is an epoch that becomes neceſſary; an epoch terrible and bloody, but the ſignal of liberty. It is of a civil war that I ſpeak. It is that calls forth all the men of exalted genius, ſome to attack, and others to defend liberty. A civil war diſplays the moſt hidden talents. Men of wonderful abilities ariſe, and appear worthy to command the human race. It is a horrid remedy! But in the ſtupor of a ſtate, when the minds of men are plunged in a deep lethargy, it becomes neceſſary.

"FREED from oppreſſion, we have taken care not to place all the ſtrength and ſprings of government, all the rights and attributes of power, in the hands of one man (*a*). Inſtructed by the misfortunes of paſt ages, we are become leſs imprudent. If Socrates or Marcus Aurelius ſhould again viſit the earth, we ſhould not confide to them, an arbitrary power; not from a miſtruſt, but from a fear of depreciating the ſacred character of a free citizen. Is not the law the voice of the general will of the people? And how can we dare

(*a*) A deſpotic government is nothing more than a league between a ſovereign and a ſmall number of favourite ſubjects, in order to cheat and plunder the reſt. In that caſe the monarch, or he that repreſents him, divides and deſtroys ſociety, becomes a ſeparate and central body, that lights up every paſſion as it liſts, and ſets them in motion for its perſonal intereſt. He creats juſtice and injuſtice, his humour becomes a law, and his favour the meaſure of public eſteem. This ſyſtem is too violent to be durable. Juſtice, on the contrary, is a barrier that equally protects the ſubject and the prince. Liberty alone can form animated citizens, the only citizens, in fact, among rational beings. A king is never powerful but at the head of a free and contented people. The nation once debaſed, the throne ſinks.

to commit ſo important a depoſit to a ſingle man? Has he not his unguarded moments? And, even ſuppoſing him to be free from them, ſhall men reſign that liberty which is their moſt valuable inheritance (*a*)?

"WE have experienced how contrary an abſolute ſovereignty is to the true intereſt of a nation. The art of raiſing refined tributes, all the powers of that terrible machine progreſſively multiplied; the embarraſment of the laws, one oppoſing another; chicanery devouring the poſſeſſions of individuals; the cities crowded by privileged tyrants; the venality of offices; miniſters and intendants treating the different parts of the kingdom as conquered countries; a ſubtle hardneſs of heart that juſtifies inhu-

(*a*) Liberty begets miracles, it triumphs over nature, it cauſes harveſts to grow upon rocks; it gives a ſmiling air to the moſt doleful regions; it enlightens the peaſant, and makes him more penetrative than the proud ſlaves of the moſt poliſhed court. Other climates, the moſt finiſhed works of the creation, delivered up to ſervitude, exhibit nothing but deſolated lands, pale and dejected viſages, that dare not lift their eyes to heaven. Chooſe then, man! be happy or miſerable; if yet it be in thy power to chooſe: fear tyranny, deteſt ſlavery, arm thyſelf, live free, or die.

manity; royal officers, who are in no degree reſponſible to the people, and who inſult them, ſtead of liſtening to their complaints; ſuch was the effect of that vigilant deſpotiſm, which collected every intelligence, to employ it to a bad purpoſe; not unlike thoſe burning glaſſes that collect the ſun's rays, to deſtroy ſuch objects as are preſented to them. When we paſſed through France, that fine kingdom, which nature has favoured with her propitious regards, what did we behold? Diſtricts deſolated by tax-gatherers; cities become boroughs, and boroughs villages; the people pale and meagre; in a word, beggars inſtead of inhabitants. All theſe evils were known; but evident principles were avoided to embrace a ſyſtem of diſſipation (*a*), and the ſhaddows that were raiſed, authoriſed the general depredation.

(*a*) An intendant of the province, deſirous of giving the ****, who was going to Soiſſons, an idea of the abundance that reigned in France, cauſed the fruit-trees of the country round about to be dug up, and planted in the ſtreets of the city, by digging up the pavement. Theſe trees he decorated with garlands of gilt paper. This intendant was, without knowing it, a very great painter.

"CAN you believe it? The revolution was effected without trouble, and by the heroiſm of one great man. A philoſophic prince, worthy of a throne, becauſe he regarded it with indifference; more ſollicitous for the happineſs of mankind than for the phantom of power, diſtruſting poſterity, and diſtruſting himſelf, offered to put the eſtates of the nation in poſſeſſion of their ancient prerogatives; he was ſenſible, that in an extenſive kingdom there ſhould be an union of the different provinces, in order to its being well governed; as in the human body, beſide the general circulation, each part has one that is peculiarly adapted to itſelf; ſo each province, while it obeys the general laws, modifies thoſe that are peculiar to it, agreeable to its ſoil, its poſition, its commerce and reſpective intereſts. Hence all lives, all flouriſhes. The provinces are no longer devoted to ſerve the court, and ornament the capital (*a*). A blind order from the throne,

(*a*) From error and ignorance ſpring all the evils that oppreſs humanity. Man is wicked only becauſe he miſtakes his true intereſt. In ſpeculative phyſics, in aſtronomy, and mathematics, we may err without any real

throne, does not carry troubles into thoſe parts where the king's eye has never penetrated. Each province is the guardian of its own ſecurity and its own happineſs; its principle of life is not far too diſtant from it; it is within itſelf, always ready to aſſiſt the whole,

detriment; but politics will not admit of the leaſt error. There are vices in government more deſtructive than natural plagues. An error of this kind depopulates and impoveriſhes a kingdom. If the moſt ſevere, the moſt profound ſpeculation is ever neceſſary, it is in thoſe public and problematic caſes, where reaſons of equal weight hold the judgment in equilibrium. Nothing is then more dangerous than the tricks of office; they produce inconceivable errors; and the ſtate is not ſenſible of its condition till arrived on the brink of ruin. We cannot, therefore, be too clear in the complicated art of government, as the leaſt deviation is a line that conſtantly recedes as it increaſes, and produces an immenſe error. The laws have been hitherto nothing more than palliatives, that have been turned into general remedies; they are, as has been very juſtly ſaid, the offspring of neceſſity, and not of philoſophy; it belongs to the latter to correct their defects. But what courage, what zeal, what love of humanity muſt he have, who, from ſuch a chaos, ſhall form a regular ſyſtem! But, at the ſame time, where is the man that would be more dear to the human race? Let him remember, that it is of all objects the moſt important; that the happineſs of mankind, and conſequently their virtues, are therein highly intereſted.

and

and to remedy evils that may ariſe. The preſent ſuccours are left to thoſe who are intruſted in its welfare, and will not palliate the cure, much leſs will they rejoice at thoſe incidents that may weaken their country.

"THE abſolute ſovereignty is now aboliſhed; the chief magiſtrate preſerves the name of king; but he does not fooliſhly attempt to bear all that burden which oppreſſed his anceſtors. The legiſlative power of the kingdom is lodged in the ſtates aſſembled. The adminiſtration of affairs, as well political as civil, is aſſigned to the ſenate; and the monarch, armed with the ſword of juſtice, watches over the execution of the laws. He propoſes every uſeful eſtabliſhment. The ſenate is reſponſible to the king, and the king and ſenate are reſponſible to the ſtates; which are aſſembled every two years. All is there decided by the majority of voices. The enacting of new laws, the filling of vacant poſts, and the redreſſing of grievances, appertain to them; particular, or unforeſeen caſes are left to the wiſdom of the monarch.

"He is happy (*a*), and his throne is fixed upon a baſis the more ſolid, as his crown is guaranted by the liberty of the nation (*b*). Thoſe ſouls, that would have been but mean, owe their virtue to that eternal ſource of greatneſs. The citizen is not ſeparated from the ſtate; he is incorporated with it (*c*), and, in return,

(*a*) M. d'Alembert ſays, that a king who does his duty is of all men the moſt miſerable; and that he who does it not, is of all others the moſt to be pitied. But why is the king who does his duty the moſt miſerable? Is it from the multiplicity of his labours? No; a happy labour is a real pleaſure. Does he make no account of that inward ſatisfaction which ariſes from a conſciouſneſs of having promoted the happineſs of mankind? Does he not believe that virtue is its own reward? Beloved by all, except the wicked, can the heart of ſuch a king be inſenſible to pleaſure? Who has not felt the ſatisfaction that reſults from doing good? The king who does not fulfil his duty is the moſt to be pitied. Nothing more true, eſpecially if he be ſenſible to remorſe and infamy; if he be not, he is ſtill the more to be pitied. Nothing more juſt than this laſt propoſition.

(*b*) It is good in every ſtate, even in a republic, to have a limited chief. It is a ſort of ſpectre that drives away all projects from the mind of the ambitious. Royalty in this caſe is like a ſcare-crow in a field, that prevents the birds from feeding upon the corn.

(*c*) They who have ſaid, that in a monarchy, the king

return, he ſhows with what zeal he exerts himſelf, in all that can intereſt its glory.

"EVERY act publiſhed by the ſenate, explains, in a few words, its origin and its deſign. We cannot conceive how it was poſſible in your age, that pretended ſo much diſcernment, for magiſtrates to dare, in their ſurly pride, to publiſh dogmatic arrets, like the decrees of the theologians. As if the law was not the public reaſon, or it was not neceſſary that the people ſhould be inſtructed, in order to their more ready obedience. Thoſe ancient magiſtrates, who called themſelves the fathers of their country, muſt have been ignorant of the great art of perſuaſion; that art which acts ſo powerfully, and without labour; or rather, they muſt have had no fixed point of view, no determinate courſe, but ſometimes riotous and ſeditious, and ſometimes creeping ſlaves, they flattered or harraſſed the

king is the depoſitary of the will of the people, have aſſerted an abſurdity. There is, in fact, nothing more ridiculous, than for intelligent beings, like men, to ſay to one or more, "Will for us," the people have always ſaid to their monarch; "Act for us," after you have clearly underſtood what is our will.

throne: by turns wrangling for trifles, and ſelling the people for a bribe.

"YOU will readily believe that we have diſcarded thoſe magiſtrates, accuſtomed from their youth to all that inſenſibility which is neceſſary coolly to diſpoſe of the property, the honour, and lives of their fellow citizens. Bold in defence of their meaneſt privileges, careleſs of what concerned the public welfare, they ſunk at laſt into a perpetual indolence, and even ſpared others the trouble of corrupting them. Very different are our magiſtrates; the title of fathers of their country, with which we honour them, they merit in the fulleſt ex- of the term.

"THE reins of government are now committed to wiſe and reſolute hands, that purſue a regular plan. The laws reign, and no man is above them; which was a horrid evil in your Gothic government. The general good of the nation is founded on the ſecurity of each individual. No one fears man, but the laws; the ſovereign himſelf is ſenſible that

that they hang over his head (*a*). His vigilance renders the ſenators more attentive to their ſeveral duties; the confidence he repoſes in them ſoftens their labours, and his authority gives the neceſſary force and activity

(*a*) Every government where one man alone is above the laws, and can violate them with impunity, muſt be iniquitious and unhappy. In vain has a man of genius employed all his talents to make us acquieſce in the principles of an Aſiatic government: they offer too great violence to human nature. Behold the proud veſſel that plows the ocean, there needs but an imperceptible paſſage to admit the water, and cauſe her perdition. So one man that is above the law, may cauſe thoſe acts of injuſtice and iniquity to enter a ſtate, which, by an inevitable effect, will haſten its ruin. What matters it whether we periſh by one or many? The misfortune is the ſame. What imports it whether tyranny have a hundred arms, or one only, that extends itſelf over the whole empire; if it fall on every individual, if it ſpring out freſh at the very inſtant it is cut off? Beſide, it is not deſpotiſm that terrifies and confounds; it is its propagation. The viziers, the pachas, &c. imitate their maſters; they devour others while they expect to be devoured. In the government of Europe, their ſhocks, the ſimultaneous re-action of their ſeveral bodies, affords moments of equilibrium, during which the people breathe; the limits of their reſpective powers, perpetually diſordered, holds the place of liberty; and the phantom is, at leaſt conſolatory to thoſe who cannot attain the reality.

to their deciſions. Thus the ſcepter, which oppreſſed your kings, is light in the hands of our monarch. He is not a victim pompouſly decorated, and inceſſantly a ſacrifice to the exigencies of the ſtate; he bears that burthen only which is proportioned to the limited ſtrength he has received from nature.

"We have a prince that fears the Almighty, that is pious and juſt, whoſe heart is devoted to God and his country, who dreads the divine vengeance, and the cenſure of poſterity, and who regards a good conſcience, and a ſpotleſs fame, as the higheſt degree of felicity. It is not ſo much great talents, or an extenſive knowledge, that does good, as the ſincere deſire of an upright heart that loves it, and wiſhes to accompliſh it. Frequently the boaſted genius of a monarch, far from advancing the happineſs of a kingdom, is exerted in deſtroying its liberties.

"We have conciliated what ſeemed almoſt incomptatible, the good of the nation with that of individuals. They even pretended that the general happineſs of a ſtate was neceſſarily diſtinct

tinct from that of ſome of its members. We have not eſpouſed that barbarous policy, founded either on an ignorance of juſt laws, or on a contempt of the pooreſt, but moſt uſeful men in the ſtate. There were cruel and deteſtable laws that ſuppoſed men to be wicked; but we are much diſpoſed to believe that they have only become ſo ſince the inſtitution of thoſe laws. Arbitrary power has griped the human heart, and by its irritation has rendered it inflamed and ulcerated.

"OUR monarch has every neceſſary power and opportunity to do good, but is prevented from doing evil. We repreſent the nation to him always in a favourable light; we diſplay its valour, its fidelity toward its prince, and its hatred of a foreign yoke.

"THERE are cenſors who have the right of expelling from about the prince all who are inclined to irreligion, to licentiouſneſs, to falſhood, and to that baneful art of covering virtue with ridicule (*a*). We do not admit amongſt us

(*a*) I am much inclined to believe that ſovereigns are almoſt always the moſt honeſt men in their courts. The ſoul of Narciſſus was ſtill more foul than that of Nero.

that claſs of men, who, under the title of nobility (which, to render it completely ridiculous, was venal) crawled about the throne, and would follow no other profeſſion than that of a ſoldier or a courtier; who lived in idleneſs, fed their pride with old parchments, and diſplayed a deplorable ſpectacle of equal vanity and miſery. Your grenadiers ſhed their blood with as much intrepidity as the moſt noble among them, without rating it at ſo high a price. Such a denomination, moreover, in our republic would give offence to the other orders of the ſtate. Our citizens are all equal; the only diſtinctions we know are thoſe which naturally ariſe among men from their virtue, their genius, and induſtry (*a*).

" BESIDES

(*a*) Why cannot the French ſuffer a republican government? Who in this kingdom is ignorant of the pre-eminence of the nobleſſe, founded on the inſtitution itſelf, and confirmed by the cuſtom of many ages? Yet when under the reign of John, the third eſtate roſe from their abject condition, they took their ſeat in the aſſembly of the nation; that haughty and barbarous nobleſſe beheld it without commotion, aſſociate with the orders of the kingdom, though the times were ſtill filled with prejudices of the police of the fiefs, and the profeſſion of arms. The honour

" BESIDES all thoſe ramparts, thoſe barriers, and precautions uſed to prevent the monarch from forgetting, in time of public calamities, what he owes to the poor, he obſerves every year a ſolemn faſt, which continues for three days, during which time he ſuffers continual hunger and thirſt, and ſleeps upon the ground. This ſevere and ſalutary faſt imprints on his heart the moſt tender commiſeration towards the neceſſitous. Our ſovereign, it is true, has no need of this penance to remind him; but it is a law of the ſtate, a ſacred law, conſtantly followed and reſpected. By the example of our monarch, every man who has any connection with government, makes it his duty to feel what is want; and is from thence more diſpoſed to aſſiſt thoſe who are obliged to ſubmit to

honour of the French nation, a principle ever active, and ſuperior to the wiſeſt inſtitutions, may therefore one day become the ſoul of a republic; eſpecially when a taſte for philoſophy, a knowledge of political laws, and the experience of ſo many evils, ſhall have deſtroyed that levity, that indiſcretion which blaſts thoſe brilliant qualities that would make the French the firſt people in the univerſe; if they would well conſider, ripen, and ſupport their projects.

the

the imperious and cruel law of extreme neceſſity (*a*)."

But

(*a*) In the front of a philoſopher's hermitage there was a rich and lofty mountain, favoured with the moſt benign regards of the ſun. It was covered with beautiful paſtures, with golden grain, with cedars and aromatic plants. Birds, the moſt pleaſing to the ſight, and delicious to the taſte, fanned the air in flocks with their wings, and filled it with their harmonious warblings. The bounding deer peopled the woods. Some genial lakes produced in their ſilver waters the trout, the perch, and dace. Three hundred families were ſpread over this mountain, and there found a bleſt abode, in the midſt of peace and plenty, and in the boſom of thoſe virtues they conſtantly practiſed: each morn and eve they ſent their grateful thanks to heaven. But behold the indolent and voluptuous Oſman mounts the throne, and all theſe families are preſently ruined, driven from their abodes, and become vagabonds upon the earth. The beauteous mountain was ſeized by his vizier, a noble robber, who feaſted his dogs, his concubines, and his flatterers, with the plunder of the unhappy people. Oſman one day loſing himſelf in the chace, met the philoſopher, whoſe hut had eſcaped that torrent which had ſwept all elſe before it. The philoſopher recollected the monarch, without his ſuſpecting it: he treated him with a noble courteſy. They talked of the preſent times.—"Alas! ſaid the ſage old man, we knew what pleaſure was ſome ten years ſince; but now all ſuffers: extreme poverty has drove the poor from their habitations; wrings their ſouls,

and

But, I ſaid that theſe changes muſt have been long, laborious, and difficult. What efforts you muſt have made!—The philoſopher, with a pleaſing ſmile, replied, "Good is not more difficult than evil. The human paſſions are frightful obſtacles; but when the mind is once convinced of its true intereſt, the man becomes juſt and faithful. It ſeems to me that a ſingle perſon might govern the world, if the hearts of men were diſpoſed to toleration and equity. Notwithſtanding the common inconſequence of thoſe of your age, it was foreſeen that reaſon would one day make a great progreſs; its effects have become viſible, and the happy principles of a wiſe government have been the firſt fruits of its reformation."

and each day ſees them go drooping to the grave, oppreſſed by extreme miſery."—"Pray tell me, ſaid the monarch, what is that miſery?" The philoſopher ſighed, remained ſilent, and ſet the prince in the way to his palace.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

The Heir to the Throne.

MORE inquiſitive than was ever the bailiff of Huron (*a*), I continued to exerciſe the patience of my companions. I have ſeen the monarch on his throne, but I forgot to aſk, Gentlemen, where was the king's ſon; whom in my time they called the dauphin. One of the moſt polite among them replied:

"As we are convinced that it is on the education of the great that depends the happineſs of the people, and that virtue is learned as vice is communicated, we watch with the greateſt aſſiduity over the early years of our princes. The heir to the throne is not at court, where ſome flatterers would dare to perſuade him that he is ſomething more than other men, and that they are leſs than inſects. His high deſtiny is carefully concealed from him. When he is born, a

(*a*) The Huron, or the Candid Man, a romance by Voltaire, and one of the beſt his pen has produced. The Huron confined in the Baſtile with a Janſeniſt, is of all things in the world the moſt happily imagined.

royal

royal mark is imprinted on his ſhoulder, by which he is afterwards known. He is placed in the hands of thoſe whoſe diſcrete fidelity has been as well proved as their probity. They take a ſolemn oath before the Supreme Being never to reveal to the prince that he is one day to be king: a tremendous oath, and which they never dare to violate.

"As ſoon as he comes out of the hands of the women he is inured to exerciſe; and regard is had to his natural education, which ſhould always precede the moral. He is cloathed like the ſon of a common peaſant; he is accuſtomed to the plaineſt meats; and is early taught ſobriety; he will be the better able hereafter to teach œconomy by his own example, and to know that a falſe prodigality ruins a ſtate, and diſhonours thoſe that promote it. He travels, ſucceſſively, through all the provinces; they explain to him the various labours of the huſbandman, the different manufactures, and the productions of the ſeveral ſoils; he ſees all things with his own eyes; he enters the hut of the ploughman, eats at his table, aſſiſts in his labours, and learns to reſpect him. He converſes

verſes freely with every man he meets; his character is ſuffered to diſplay itſelf freely, while he thinks himſelf as far diſtant from the throne as he is near to it.

"MANY kings have become tyrants, not becauſe they had bad hearts, but becauſe they never knew the real ſtate of the common people of their country (*a*). If we were to abandon a young prince to the flattering idea of a certain power, perhaps even with a virtuous mind, conſidering the unhappy diſpoſition of the human heart, he would at laſt endeavour to extend the limits of his authority (*b*). For in

(*a*) Prejudice conſtantly attends the throne, ready to pour its errors into the ears of kings. Timorous Truth is in doubt of obtaining a victory over them, and waits for the ſignal to approach; but ſhe ſpeaks ſo ſtrange a language, that they turn to thoſe deceitful phantoms that are maſters of the common dialect. Kings! learn the ſevere philoſophic language of truth! It is in vain that you ſeek her, if you underſtand her not.

(*b*) Men have a natural diſpoſition to arbitrary power, as nothing is more convenient than to be obeyed by merely moving the tongue. Every one has heard of that ſultan who commanded his attendants to amuſe him with entertaining ſtories, on pain of being ſtrangled. Other monarchs hold pretty much the ſame language, when they ſay to the people, Divert me, and die with hunger.

that

that it is that many princes unhappily make the royal grandeur to conſiſt; and conſequently their intereſt is always at varianee with that of the people.

" WHEN the prince has attained the age of twenty years, or ſooner, if his mind appears to be early formed, he is conducted to the hall of audience; he mixes with the crowd as a common ſpectator; all the orders of the ſtate are then preſent, and all have received their inſtructions. On a ſudden the king riſes, and calls the young man three times by his name; the crowds of people open; aſtoniſhed, he advances with timid ſteps toward the throne, and trembling mounts the ſteps; the king embraces him, and declares him in the ſight of all the people to be his ſon. " Heaven," he ſays with an affecting and majeſtic voice, " Heaven has " deſtined thee to bear the burden of royalty; " we have laboured for twenty years to render " thee worthy of it; do not fruſtrate the hopes " of this great people that you ſee before you. " My ſon I expect from you the ſame zeal that " I have ſhown for this nation." What a criſis! what a crowd of ideas preſs upon his mind!

The

The monarch then ſhows him the tomb where reſts the preceding king; that tomb on which is graved in large characters, ETERNITY. He proceeds with the ſame awful voice; "My ſon, "all has been done for this moment. You now "ſtand on the aſhes of your grandfather; in "you he is to revive; ſwear to be juſt as he "was. I ſhall ſoon deſcend to ſupply his place; "but remember, that I ſhall accuſe you from "this tomb if you abuſe your power. Ah! "my dear ſon, the eyes of the Almighty and "of this nation are upon you; no one thought "can be concealed. If any incitements to am-"bition or pride reign at this moment in your "heart, there is yet time to avoid their effects; "renounce the diadem, deſcend from the "throne, and mix again with the people; you "will be greater and more reſpectable as a com-"mon citizen, than as a vain and daſtardly "monarch. Let not the chimera of authority "flatter your young heart, but the great and "pleaſing idea of being really uſeful to man-"kind; I promiſe you for recompenſe the "love of this people that ſurrounds us; of my "affection, the eſteem of the world, and the "aſſiſtance of the Monarch of the univerſe; it

"is

" is he that is king, my ſon, we are only his " agents, that are ſent upon the earth to accom- " pliſh his great deſigns (*a*)."

" THE young prince is ſurpriſed and affected, his viſage is covered with a modeſt ſhame; he dares not look upon that great aſſembly, whoſe regards are eagerly fixed on him. His tears begin to flow; he weeps at the proſpect of his extenſive duties; but ſoon an heroic ſpirit poſ- ſeſſes him; he is taught that a great man ought to ſacrifice himſelf for the good of mankind; and that as nature has not prepared for man a happineſs without allay, it is by that benign power which the nation has depoſited with him, that he is enabled to do that for them which na- ture has refuſed. That noble idea penetrates, animates, inflames him; the oaths are admi-

(*a*) Garnier cauſes it to be ſaid to Nabuchedonoſer, puffed up with his power and his victories, " Who is that God who commands the rain, the winds and the tempeſts? Over whom reigns he? Over the ſeas, the rocks, &c." To which he replies, " Inſenſible ſubjects! I command over men; I am the only God of this earth where we dwell.

Inſenſibles ſujets! moi je commande aux hommes;
Je ſuis l' unique Dieu de la terre ou nous ſommes.

niſtered

niſtered to him by his father; he calls the ſacred aſhes of his grandfather to witneſs his ſincerity; he adores the Supreme Being; he is crowned. The orders of the ſtate ſalute him, and the people with tranſports of joy cry out, "O thou that are taken from amongſt us, "whom we have ſo long and ſo nearly beheld, "may the preſtiges of greatneſs never make "thee forget who thou art, and who we "are (*a*)."

"HE cannot mount the throne till the age of two and twenty; for it is repugnant to common ſenſe, that a nation ſhould be governed by an infant king. For a like reaſon the king lays down the ſcepter at the age of ſeventy years, becauſe the art of governing requires an activity of body, and a certain ſenſibility, which

(*a*) The Greeks and Romans experienced ſenſations far more poignant than ours. A religion altogether ſenſible; thoſe frequent occurrences that concerned the grand intereſt of the republic; a ſtate dignity that was aweful without being faſtuous; the acclamations of the people; the aſſemblies of the nation, and the public harangues; what an inexhaſtible ſource of pleaſures! When compared with thoſe people, we ſeem but to languiſh, or ſcarce to exiſt.

unlucky age extinguiſhes in the human mind (*a*). Beſide, we are fearful leaſt habit ſhould produce in his mind that concentered ambition they call avarice, which is the laſt and moſt rueful paſſion that man has to encounter (*b*). The inheritance is in the line direct, and the ſeptuagenary monarch ſtill ſerves the ſtate by his councils, or by the example of his paſt virtues. The time between the public acknowledgement of the prince, and the day of his majority, is ſtill ſubject to new proofs. They conſtantly talk to him by ſtrong and ſenſible images. If they would prove, that kings are not otherwiſe formed than common men; that they have not a hair more on their heads; that they are equally weak at their entrance

(*a*) How pleaſing is it when years have whitened our heads, to be able to retire, and reflect on thoſe actions of humanity and beneficence that we have performed in the courſe of our days! Of all that we now are, there will then nought remain but the ſenſation of having been virtuous, or the ſhame and torment of vice.

(*b*) Prodigality is equally to be feared. A young prince will ſometimes refuſe, becauſe he has that in him which may atone for refuſal; but the old man conſtantly conſents, becauſe he has nothing to ſupply the vacuity of the want of liberality.

into

into this world; equal in infirmities, and equal in the ſight of God, and that the ſuffrage of the people is the ſole baſis of their grandeur; they introduce, by way of diverſion, a young porter of his ſize and age, and they wreſtle together; though the king's ſon be vigorous, he is commonly overcome; the other continues the attack, till the prince is forced to own the defeat. They raiſe him up, and ſay to him, "You ſee that no man by the law of nature ought to ſubmit to another, that no man is born a ſlave; that monarchs are born men, and not kings; in a word, that the human race were not created for the pleaſure of ſome particular families. That even the Almighty, according to the natural law, would not govern by force, but over the free-will. To endeavour therefore to make men ſlaves, is to act with temerity toward the ſupreme Being, and to exerciſe tyranny over the race of mankind." The young man who had conquered, then bows before him, and ſays, "I may be ſtronger "than you, but there is neither right nor glo-"ry in that; true ſtrength is equity, and true "glory greatneſs of mind. I render you ho-"mage as my ſovereign, and the depoſitary of "the

" the force of every individual; when any one " would tyrannize over me, it is to you I muſt " fly for ſuccour; you will then hear and ſave " me from the unjuſt and powerful." . . . .

" If the young prince commits any remarkable fault or imprudence, the next day he ſees it in the public papers (*a*); he is ſometimes aſtoniſhed and offended. They anſwer him cooly, " It is a faithful and vigilant tribunal, that " records each day the actions of princes. Poſ- " terity will know and judge all that you have " ſaid and done; it depends on yourſelf to " make them ſpeak honourably of you." If the young prince reflect, and acknowledge his fault, then the papers of the next day declare that token of a happy character, and give to the noble action all the eulogy it deſerves (*a*).

But

(*a*) I could wiſh that a prince had ſometimes the curioſity to know what the people think of him; he would learn enough in a quarter of an hour to afford him matter of reflection for the reſt of his life.

(*b*) You ſay, "I fear not the ſword of man. I am brave." But you deceive yourſelf. To be truly brave you muſt

"But what they moſt ſtrongly recommend, and impreſs on him by multiplied images, is a horror of that vain pageantry, which has deſtroyed ſo many ſtates, and diſhonoured ſo many ſovereigns (*a*). Thoſe gilded palaces, ſay they, are like the decorations of a theatre, where paper appears to be maſſy gold. The child imagines that it beholds a real palace. Be not a child. Pomp and oſtentation are abuſes, introduced by pride and policy. They diſplay that parade to inſpire the greater reſpect and fear. By that means the ſubject contracts a ſervile diſpoſition, and becomes accuſtomed to the yoke. But is a king ever debaſed by putting himſelf on a level with his ſubjects? What are thoſe inceſſant empty ſhews, in compariſon with that open and affable manner that attracts the affections of all the people to his perſon? The wants of a monarch

fear neither their tongues nor their pens. But in this caſe, the greateſt kings of the earth have ever been the greateſt poltroons. The Gazette of Amſterdam prevented Louis XIV. from ſleeping

(*a*) That luxury, which is the cauſe of the deſtruction of ſtates, and that tramples under foot every virtue, takes its ſource from corrupted hearts, and which all others copy after.

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are not leſs than thoſe of the meaneſt of his ſubjects. There is no difference between his ſtomach and that of a clown, ſays J. J. Rouſſeau. If he would taſte the pureſt of all pleaſures, let him taſte that of being beloved, and let him render himſelf worthy of it (*a*).

"To conclude: their paſſes no day on which he is not reminded of the exiſtence of a ſupreme Being, whoſe eye conſtantly ſurveys this world; of the duty that he owes him, of a reverence for his providence, and a confidence in his infinite wiſdom. The moſt horrid of all beings is without doubt an atheiſtical king: I had far rather be in a veſſel toſſed by the tempeſt, and directed by a drunken

(*a*) Duke *** of Wirtemberg, the firſt of that name, was dining with a ſovereign prince, his neighbour, and ſome other petty potentates, each of whom was talking of his forces and power. After hearing all their pretenſions, the Duke ſaid, "I do not envy any one of you that power which God has given you, but there is one thing of which I can boaſt, which is, that in my little ſtate I can walk at all hours alone, and in ſecurity. I ramble among the woods, I lay me down to ſleep under ſome tree, quite unconcerned, for I fear neither the ſword of a robber, nor of an injured ſubject.

pilot; I ſhould at leaſt have a chance to be ſaved.

"It is not till the age of twenty-two that he is permitted to marry. He takes a native of our country to his throne. He does not ſend in queſt of a foreign wife, who frequently brings from her country a diſpoſition, which being widely different from the manners of our nation, baſtardizes the blood of France, and cauſes us to be governed by Spaniards or Italians, rather than by the deſcendants of our brave anceſtors. Our king does not offer that inſult to a whole nation, to imagine that beauty and virtue are to be found in a foreign ſoil only. She who, in the courſe of his journies, has touched his heart, and has loved him without a diadem, mounts the throne with her lover, and becomes dear and reſpectable to the nation, as well from her own virtues, as for having been able to pleaſe a hero. Beſide the advantage of inſpiring all the young women with a love of wiſdom and virtue, by ſetting before them a recompence worthy of their efforts, we hereby avoid all thoſe family wars, that are abſolutely foreign to

to the intereſt of the ſtate, and that have ſo often deſolated Europe (*a*).

"ON the day of his marriage, inſtead of fooliſhly ſquandering money in pompous and tireſome feaſts, in ſenſeleſs and gaudy ſhews, in fire-works, and other expences equally extravagant and diſguſtful, the prince erects ſome public monument, as a bridge, an aqueduct, a public road, a canal, or a theatre. This monument bears his name. We remember his benefaction, while thoſe irrational profuſions are forgot, or only remembered by the horrid accidents they occaſioned (*b*). The people,

(*a*) Moſt of our wars have proceeded, as every one knows, from thoſe alliances that are pretended to be political. If indeed Europe and Africa could eſpouſe Aſia and America, well and good.

(*b*) Shall I here recall the horrible night of the 30th March, 1770? It will eternally accuſe our police, that is favourable to the rich alone, and that protects the barbarous luxury of carriages *. If was by them that horrid diſaſter was occaſioned. But if this dreadful accident has produced no ſtrict ordinance by which the citizens

* *Carriages are far more dangerous in Paris than London, as they drive much faſter, and there is no ſeparate path for foot paſſengers.*

ple, ſatisfied with the generoſity of their prince, are under no temptation to whiſper to each other that ancient fable, in which the poor frog laments in his marſh the ſight of the nuptials of the ſun (*a*)."

may walk the ſtreets without danger, what are we to expect of other evils that are more deeply rooted, and more difficult to remedy? Near eight hundred perſons periſhed by being crowded together, and ſix weeks after it was not mentioned.

(*a*) I met, in a piece of poetry, with theſe verſes:

Ces rois enorgueillis de leur grandeur ſuprême,
Ce ſont des mendians que couvre un diadême.

"Theſe puffed up monarchs, with their mighty grandeur, are nothing more than beggars covered with a crown." In fact, they are craving inceſſantly: it is the people that pay for the robes of the pompous bride; for the feaſts, the fire works, the embroidery of the nuptial bed, &c. and when the royal babe is born, each one of its cries is metamorphoſed into a new tax.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

THE WOMEN.

MY affable and polite inſtructor continued in the ſame free manner.—"You ſhould know that our women have no other portion than their virtue and their charms; they are, therefore, intereſted in improving their moral faculties. By this ſtroke of legiſlation we have deſtroyed the hydra, Coquettry, ſo fruitful of contention, of vices and ridicule."—How! no portion? the women bring nothing with them? and who will marry them?—"Women have no portion, becauſe they are by nature dependant on that ſex from whom they derive their ſtrength and glory; and that nothing may withhold them from that legitimate empire, which is conſtantly leſs terrible than the yoke they give themſelves in their fatal liberty. Beſides, the conſequence is the ſame; a man who marries a wife without any fortune, is enabled to diſpoſe of his daughters without emptying his purſe. We never ſee a girl proud of her fortune, who ſeems to do her huſband a

favour by accepting him (*a*). Every man is bound to provide for his wife; and ſhe, depending entirely on her huſband, is the better diſpoſed to fidelity and obedience. The law being univerſal, no one can complain. The women have no other diſtinction than what is reflected on them by their huſbands. Conſtantly ſubmiſſive to the duties that their ſex requires, their honour is to obſerve the ſtrict laws that reſults from them, by which alone they can ſecure their happineſs.

"EVERY citizen that has not defamed himſelf, though he ſhould be of the loweſt claſs, may claim a daughter of the higheſt, provided ſhe conſent, and there be no ſeduction nor diſproportion of age. Every one reſumes the primitive equality of nature in forming a contract ſo pure, ſo free, and ſo neceſſary to our happineſs, as is that of matrimony. There

(*a*) An Athenian lady aſked a Lacedemonian, what portion ſhe brought her huſband? "Chaſtity," ſhe replied.‡

‡ *It is no uncommon thing for a modern lady to bring her huſband this portion, though ſhe may chance to diſpoſe of it afterwards for her own private emolument.*

ends

ends the bounds of paternal power (*a*), and that of civil authority. Our marriages are fortunate, becauſe intereſt, which corrupts all things, does not ſoil their amiable bands. You cannot eaſily imagine how many vices and foibles, ſuch as ſlander, jealouſy, idleneſs, the pride of excelling a rival, crimes of every kind, have been baniſhed by this ſimple law (*b*). Women, inſtead of exerciſing

(*a*) How indecent, how monſtrous is it, to ſee a father appeal to twenty tribunals, animated by a barbarous pride that will not let him give his daughter to a man, becauſe he had ſecretly deſtined her for another. He dares, in this caſe, to cite civil ordinances, while he forgets the moſt ſacred laws of nature, which forbids him to oppreſs an unfortunate daughter, over whom he has no legitimate authority, but what may conduce to her happineſs. It is a remarkable and melancholy circumſtance, that in this age the number of bad parents has exceeded that of unnatural children. Where is the ſource of this evil? Alas! in our laws.

(*b*) Nature has deſtined women to domeſtic employments, and to cares every where of the ſame kind. They have much leſs variety in their characters than have men; almoſt all women reſemble each other; they have but one end, and which they manifeſt in every country by ſimilar effects.

their vanity, have cultivated their minds; and in lieu of riches, have furniſhed themſelves with gentleneſs, modeſty, and patience. Muſic and dancing no longer form their principal accompliſhments; they have vouchſafed to learn the arts of oeconomy, of pleaſing their huſbands, and educating their children. That extreme inequality of rank and fortune, the moſt deſtructive vice in every political ſociety, is here no longer ſeen; the meaneſt citizen has no reaſon to bluſh at his condition; he aſſociates with the higheſt, who diſdains not his connection. The law has equalled mankind to the greateſt degree in its power; inſtead of creating thoſe injurious diſtinctions, that produce nothing but pride on one ſide, and hatred on the other, it has been ſollicitous to deſtroy all thoſe obſtacles that might divide the children of the ſame mother.

"Our wives are, what were thoſe of the ancient Gauls, ſincere and amiable companions, whom we reſpect and conſult on all occaſions. They do not affect that miſerable jargon ſo much in vogue among you, and which they

they called wit (*a*). They do not buſy themſelves with aſſigning the rank due to the ſeveral ſorts of genius; they are content with good ſenſe, a qualification far preferable to thoſe artificial flaſhes that are the wretched amuſements of idleneſs. Love, the fruitful ſource of the moſt excellent virtues, preſides over, and guards the intereſt of our country. The more happineſs we enjoy in her boſom, the more dear ſhe becomes. Judge then what is our attachment to her. The women, doubtleſs, make a part of this felicity. Inſtead of thoſe empty and faſtidious pleaſures, which they purſued from vanity, they now enjoy all our tenderneſs and eſteem, and find a felicity more ſolid and more pure in the poſſeſſion of our hearts, than in thoſe tranſient pleaſures, whoſe very purſuit was attended with anxiety. Charged with the care of ſuperintending the firſt years of our children, they

(*a*) A woman ſhews very little diſcretion, who is deſirous of ſhewing her wit upon every occaſion. She ought, on the contrary, to uſe all her art to conceal it. In fact, what is it we men look after? Innocence, candour, ſimplicity, truth, an intereſting timidity. A woman that diſplays her wit ſeems to ſay to you, "Sir, addreſs yourſelf to me; I am a woman of wit; I ſhall be more perfidious, perverſe, and artful than another."

have no other preceptors; for being more ſagacious and vigilant than they were in your days, they are more ſenſible of the delicious pleaſure of being mothers in the full extent of the term."

BUT, I ſaid, notwithſtanding all your improvements, man is ſtill man, liable to weakneſs, humour, and diſguſt. If Diſcord, with her torch, ſhould take the place of Hymen, what do you then? Are divorces permitted (*a*)?

(*a*) Nicholas I. erecting himſelf into the reformer of the laws divine, natural, and civil, abrogated divorces in the ninth century. They were then in uſe among all the people of the earth, authoriſed by the Jews and the Chriſtians. How ſtrange is the lot of human kind! One man alone has deprived them of a precious liberty; of a civil contract has made a ſacred indiſſoluble chain, and for ever fomented domeſtic variance. Many paſt ages have given to that fooliſh and whimſical law an inviolable ſanction; and thoſe inteſtine wars that diſtract the domeſtic oeconomy and promote the depopulation of ſtates, are the fruits of the caprice of a pontif. It is evident, that were divorces permitted, marriages would be more happy *. We ſhould be

* *There are no divorces permitted in France, not even in caſe of the moſt flagrant adultery.* " *They,*" *ſays the lordly prieſt,* " *whom God,*" *that is, I and my church,* " *has put together* " *no man can put aſunder.*" *The only reſource for the huſband is to*

—" Doubtleſs, when they are founded on legitimate reaſons; as when both parties, for example, ſollicit a divorce at the ſame time; an incompatability of humours is ſufficient to diſſolve the band. People marry only to be happy.

be leſs fearful of forming a contract, when we knew that it could not bind us to miſery. The wife would be more attentive and ſubmiſſive. The durability of the band depending on the will of the parties bound, would become more ſtrong. Population, moreover, being far below its true ſtandard, it is to the indiſſolubility of marriages that we ought to attribute the ſecret cauſe of that evil which undermines the catholic monarchies. If it ſhould be tolerated for any conſiderable time longer, and celibacy ſhould continue to prevail among them, (the fruit of a wretched adminiſtration) together with the eccleſiaſtic celibacy, which ſeems to be of right divine, they will have none but enervated troops to oppoſe the numerous, healthful, and robuſt armies of thoſe people who permit divorces. The fewer ſingle people there are in a ſtate, the more chaſte, happy, and fruitful marriages will be. The diminution of the human race neceſſarily tends to the total ruin of an empire.

to petition the king; and if, by great chance, he have intereſt ſufficient, the wife is ſent to a convent; where ſhe will paſs her time diſagreeably enough, if ſhe be not able to bribe the Cerberus at the door; which, they ſay, is not unfrequently done. I remember a lady of the firſt quality, who was ſent to a monaſtery, and early the next morning, the good abbeſs came to her bed ſide, and gave her a long lecture on the ſubject of incontinence.—The gallant all the while lay ſnug under the bed-cloaths.

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It is a contract of which peace and mutual regard ſhould be the end. We are not ſo ſenſeleſs as to force two people to live together, whoſe hearts are eſtranged from each other, and thereby to renew the puniſhment of the cruel Mezentius, who faſtened a living body to a loathſome carcaſe. A divorce is the only eligible remedy, as it at leaſt renders to ſociety two perſons that are loſt by their connection with each other. But (would you believe it?) the greater the facility is, the more averſe they are to profit by it, as there is a ſort of diſhonour in not being able to bear together the troubles of a tranſient life. Our women, virtuous by principle, are delighted with domeſtic pleaſures. We are always happy when our duty coincides with our deſires; nothing is then difficult, all things bear a pleaſing aſpect."

O HOW unfortunate I am to be ſo old! I exclaimed; I would immediately marry one of theſe amiable women. Ours were ſo haughty and inſolent, and, for the moſt part, ſo faithleſs, ſo badly educated, that marriage was regarded as an egregious folly. Coquetry, with

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an immoderate love of pleaſure, and an abſolute unconcern for every thing but themſelves, compoſed the character of a woman of my time. They derided all ſort of ſenſibility, and had ſcarce any humanity but toward their gallants. Every taſte but that of luxury was in a manner a ſtranger to their minds. I ſpeak not of modeſty, for that was eſteemed ridiculous. Therefore, a prudent man being to chooſe of two evils, preferred celibacy as the leaſt. The difficulty of bringing a child up, was an argument not leſs ſtrong. Men avoided giving children to a ſtate that would load them with diſtreſs. So the generous elephant, once made captive, refuſes to indulge himſelf in the moſt pleaſing inſtinct, that he may not entail ſlavery on his poſterity. The huſband himſelf, in the midſt of his anxiety, watched an opportunity of getting rid of a child, as we endeavour to drive away a voracious animal. Human beings fled from each other, as their union neceſſarily redoubled their miſery; the wretched virgins, fixed to the ſoil where they were born, languiſhed like flowers, that ſcorched by the ſun turn pale, and drop from their ſtalks; the greater part carried with them, even to the grave, the

desire of being wives; disgust and anxiety embittered every moment of their days; and they could not procure any atonement for that privation, but by the risk of of their honour, and the loss of their health. In short, the number of single persons was become frightfully great; and, to complete the misery, reason seemed to justify that outrage to humanity (*a*). But proceed, that you may comfort me by describing a pleasing picture of your manners? How was you able to drive away that plague, which threatened to devour the human race?

My guide raised his voice, and, with an animated dignity, said, lifting his eyes to heaven, "O God, if man is unhappy, it is by

(*a*) A taste for celebacy will begin to prevail when a government is become as bad as it possibly can be. The citizen detached from the most pleasing connection, will insensibly detach himself from the love of life itself; suicide will be frequent; the art of living will become so painful, that existence itself will be a burden. Men can bear all the physical evils united; but the political evils are a hundred times more horrible, because they are not necessary. Man curses that society which ought to alleviate his pains and break his fetters. They reckoned at Paris, in the year 1769, one hundred and forty-seven persons who put an end to their own lives.

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his own fault; it is becauſe he ſhuns ſociety, and confines all his cares to himſelf. Our induſtry is conſumed on futile objects; and thoſe that would enrich us we neglect. By forming man for ſociety, Providence has placed by our misfortunes thoſe aids that are deſtined to relieve them. What ſtronger obligation is there than mutually to aſſiſt each other? Is it not the general deſire of mankind? Why then does he ſo frequently miſtake his intereſt?

"I REPEAT it; our women are wives and mothers; and from thoſe two virtues all others are derived. They would diſhonour themſelves, were they to daub their faces with paint, or ſtuff their heads with ſnuff, or debauch their ſtomach with drams; if they were to ſit up all night, or ſing licentious ſongs, or practiſe the leaſt indecency with men. They have more certain attractions; gentleneſs, modeſty, the native graces, and that noble decency, which are their inheritance, and their true glory (*a*).

"THEY

(*a*) While the women govern in France, while all things are made to conform to their taſte, while they judge of the genius and merit of men, the French will never have that ſtability,

" THEY ſuckle their own children without thinking it a labour; and as it is done without affectation, their milk is pure and plentiful. The body of the child is early invigorated; he is taught to ſwim, to hurl, and to carry burdens. The bodily education appears to us of importance; we form his conſtitution before we exerciſe his mind, which ſhould not be that of a parrot, but that of a man.

" HIS mother watches over the morning of his riſing thoughts; ſhe reflects on the method to be purſued in forming his mind to virtue; how ſhe ſhall turn his ſenſibility into humanity, his pride into greatneſs of ſoul, and his curioſity into a knowledge of ſublime truths. She meditates on thoſe engaging fables ſhe ſhall uſe, not to conceal the truth, but to render it more amiable; that its luſtre may not dazzle the weakneſs of his inexperienced mind; ſhe carefully weighs all her words and actions, that no one of them may make a bad impreſſion on his heart. Thus ſhe preſerves him from that breath

ſtability, that ſage oeconomy, that gravity, nor that nervous character which becomes free men.

of

of vice, by which the flower of innocence is ſo ſuddenly withered.

" EDUCATION differs among us according to the ſtation the child is hereafter to hold in ſociety; for though we are delivered from the yoke of pedantry, it would be ſtill ridiculous to teach him what he muſt hereafter forget. Each art is unfathomable, and to excell in it requires our whole attention. The mind of man, notwithſtanding all thoſe aids recently diſcovered, miracles apart, is not able to embrace more than one object; it is ſufficient for him to attach himſelf ſtrongly to that, without attempting excurſions that cannot but diſtract him. It was the ridicule of your age to endeavour to be univerſal; we regard it as a madneſs.

" IN a more advanced age, when his mind is able to diſtinguiſh thoſe connections by which he is united to ſociety, then, inſtead of that futile knowledge with which the minds of youth are indiſcriminately loaded, his mother, with that natural and tender eloquence peculiar to women, teaches him what are manners, decency,

cency, virtue. She makes choice of that ſeaſon, when nature, dreſſed in all her ſplendor, ſpeaks to the moſt inſenſible heart, when the genial breath of ſpring has decorated the groves, the fields, and foreſts, with all their ornaments. "My ſon," ſhe ſays, preſſing him to her maternal boſom (*a*), "behold theſe verdant fields, theſe "trees adorned with ſpreading branches; it is "not long ſince, that, deprived of all their orna-"ments, they were congealed by that cold "which pierces the inward parts of the earth; "but there is a gracious Being, who is our "common Parent, and who never abandons "his children; he dwells in heaven, and from "thence beholds, with the kindneſs of a father, "all his creatures. At the moment that he "ſmiles, the ſun darts its rays, the trees flou-"riſh, the earth is crowned with flowers, and "with herbs for the nouriſhment of thoſe "beaſts whoſe milk we drink. And why do "we ſo love the Lord? Hear, O my child!

(*a*) Cebes repreſents Impoſture as ſitting at the gate that leads to life, and obliging all who preſent themſelves to drink of the cup of error. That cup is ſuperſtition. Happy are they who only taſte it, and then throw the veſſel away.

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" it is becauſe he is powerful and good; all that " you ſee is the work of his hands, and all this " is nothing to what is concealed from you. " Eternity, for which every immortal ſoul was " created, will afford thee an endleſs proceſſion " of joy and wonder. His power and goodneſs " know no bounds; he loves us, becauſe we " are his children; from day to day he will " ſhow us greater kindneſs, if we are virtuous, " that is, if we obey his laws. O! my ſon, " how can we but adore and bleſs his name!" At theſe words, the mother and the child fall proſtrate, and their united prayers aſcend together to the throne of the Almighty.

" It is thus that ſhe poſſeſſes him with the idea of a God, that ſhe nouriſhes his ſoul with the milk of truth, and that ſhe ſays to herſelf, " I will fulfil the will of the Creator, who has " committed him to my care. I will be ſevere " to thoſe baneful paſſions that may injure his " happineſs; to the tenderneſs of a mother I will " unite the unwearied vigilance of a friend."

" You have ſeen at what age he is initiated to the communion of the two infinites. Such

is

is our education; it is, as you ſee, altogether ſentimental; we deteſt that jeering wit, which was the moſt terrible ſcourge of your age; it dried up, it burned all it touched; its buffooneries were the ſource of all your vices. But, if a frivolous diſpoſition be ſo dangerous, what is reaſon itſelf without ſentiment? A meagre frame, without colour, without grace, and almoſt without life. What are new, and even profound ideas, if they have nothing animating and affecting? What need have I of a cold truth that chills my blood? It loſes its force and its effect. It is in the heart that truth diſplays its charms and its power. We cheriſh that eloquence which abounds in lively and ſtriking pictures; it is that gives wings of fire to our thought; it ſees and ſtrikes the object; it becomes attached to it, becauſe the pleaſure of being affected is joined to that of being enlightened (*a*).

"Our

(*a*) We reckon more on exterior manners, that is, upon cuſtom, than on any thing elſe, for which reaſon it is that we neglect education. The ancients treated each ſubject in a manner altogether ſentimental, and threw on the ſciences I know not what allurement, the ſecret of which is loſt to us. The genius of the moderns is conſtantly

" Our philoſophy, therefore, is not ſevere; and why ſhould it be ſo? Why not crown it with flowers? Are diſguſtful or mournful ideas more honourable to virtue than thoſe that are pleaſing and ſalutary? We think, that pleaſure, proceeding from a beneficent hand, is not ſent upon earth to make us ſhun its approach. Pleaſure is not a monſter; it is, as Young ſays, virtue under a gayer title. Far from endeavouring to deſtroy the paſſions, the inviſible movers of our being, we regard them as precious gifts that we ſhould carefully oeconomiſe. Happy is the man endowed with ſtrong paſſions; they form his glory, his grandeur, and his opulence. A wiſe man among us cultivates his mind, diſcards his prejudices, and acquires uſeful and agreeable ſciences. All the arts that can extend his judgment and ren-

ſtantly defective for want of ſentiment. The moſt happy talents are become callous under the ferule of pedantry. Is there in the world a more ridiculous inſtitution than that of our colleges, when we compare their dry and lifeleſs maxims with the public education the Greeks gave their youth, ornamenting wiſdom with all thoſe attractions which charm that tender age? Our preceptors appear like ſavage maſters; it is no wonder, therefore, that their diſciples are the firſt to avoid and fly from them.

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der it more diſcerning, are exerciſed and improved by his mind; that done, he attends to the voice of nature only, ſubject to the law of reaſon, and reaſon directs him to happineſs (*a*).

(*a*) The warmth of the paſſions is not the cauſe of our irregularities; the furious, ungovernable courſer, that runs away with the bad rider, that throws and tramples him under foot, is obedient to the bridle under the direction of a ſkillful maſter; and gains the prize in a glorious courſe. The weakneſs of paſſions diſcovers a poverty of nature. What, in fact, is that heavy, ſilent citizen, whoſe inſipid ſoul is void of all ſenſibility; who is peaceful, becauſe he is incapable of action; who vegetates, and ſuffers himſelf to be eaſily led by the magiſtrate, becauſe he has no deſires? Is he a man, or a ſtatue? Place by him a man full of lively ſentiments, who rides upon the impetuoſity of his paſſions. He tears off the veil from the ſciences; he will commit faults, and he will diſplay genius. An enemy to repoſe, and thirſting after knowledge, he will draw from the commotions of the world a luminous and ſublime ſpirit that will enlighten his country; he will afford, perhaps, occaſion for cenſure; but he will have exerted all the energy of his ſoul; the ſpots in his character will diſappear, becauſe he will be greatly uſeful to mankind.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

THE TAXES (*a*).

TELL me, I beſeech you, how are your public taxes levied? for let the legiſlature be as perfect as it may, taxes, I think, muſt always

(*a*) My friends hear this apologue. Toward the beginning of the world there was a vaſt foreſt of citron-trees, that bore the moſt beautiful, large, and pleaſant fruit. The branches bent under their burthens, and the air far round was embalmed with their fragrant odour. The impetuous winds chanced to blow down ſeveral citrons, and to break ſome of the branches: certain travellers paſſing that way, quenched their thirſt with the juice of the fruit, and caſt away the rind. This accident induced the race of citron-trees to chooſe guardians, who were to drive away paſſengers, and to incloſe the foreſt with high walls, to oppoſe the fury of the winds. Theſe guardians appeared at firſt faithful and diſintereſted, but they ſoon found that ſuch hard labour produced a violent thirſt; they therefore made this propoſition to the citrons: "Gentlemen, we are ready to periſh by thirſt in labouring for you; permit us to make a ſmall inciſion in each of you, that we may have a drop of liquor to refreſh our parched throats; you will not be poorer, and we and our children ſhall thereby acquire freſh ſtrength for your ſervice.

always be paid. As a full anſwer, the worthy man my conductor took me by the hand, and led me to a ſpacious place, formed by the termination of four ſtreets. I obſerved a ſtrong cheſt that was twelve feet high; it was ſupported on four wheels; there was a ſmall opening at top, which was ſecured from the rain by a kind of awning; on this cheſt was wrote, *Tribute due to the king repreſenting the ſtate.* Hard by was another cheſt, of a ſmaller ſize, with

The credulous citrons thought this requeſt not unreaſonable, and ſubmitted to the imperceptible contribution. But what was the conſequence? When the inciſion was once made, the hands of meſſieurs, the guardians, preſſed them every day more cloſely. They at laſt found that citron juice was neceſſary in all their food; they obſerved too that the cloſer they preſſed the fruit, the more juice it yielded. The citrons ſeeing themſelves thus profuſely bled, thought to have reduced their contribution to the primitive ſtipulation; but the guardians, grown more ſtrong, diſregarding all their complaint, put them in the preſs; and when nothing elſe remained, they forced a juice from the rinds, by the aid of terrible machines. They at laſt bathed themſelves in the juice of citrons. The beautiful foreſt was ſoon deſpoiled; the race of citrons became extinct; and their tyrants, habituated to that refreſhing liquor, by their prodigality had totally deprived themſelves of it. They all fell ſick, and died of the putrid fever. Amen, ſo be it.

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theſe words; *Free gifts.* I ſaw ſeveral people with eaſy, chearful, contented looks, throw ſealed packets into the cheſt, as in our days they threw letters into the poſt-office. I was ſo aſtoniſhed at this eaſy manner of paying taxes, that I made a thouſand ridiculous inquiries; they therefore regarded me as a poor old man that was come from a far diſtant country; yet their indulgent affability would never ſuffer me to wait for a reply. I confeſs that it is only in a dream a man can expect to meet with people ſo completely complaiſant. O, what a loyal nation!

"THAT large coffer you ſee, they ſaid, is our receiver-general of the finances. It is there that every citizen depoſits his contribution for the ſupport of the ſtate. We are there obliged to depoſit the fiftieth part of our annual income. He that has no property, or what is only juſt ſufficient for his maintenance, is exempt; (*a*) for

(*a*) Hear what the labourer, the inhabitant of the country, in ſhort, the people, ſhould ſay to their ſovereigns. "We have raiſed you over us, we have engaged our lives and properties to ſupport the ſplendor of your throne, and

for why ſhould we take bread from him whoſe daily labour is but ſufficient for his maintenance?

the ſecurity of your perſon. You have promiſed, in return, to procure us abundance, and to protect us from alarms. Who would have believed that, under your government, joy ſhould have fled from us, and that our feaſts ſhould be turned into mourning; that fear and terror ſhould have ſucceeded to a pleaſing confidence! Formerly our verdant fields ſmiled upon us, and promiſed to repay our labours. Now the ſweat of our brows produces fruit for ſtrangers. Our villages, that once we were pleaſed with improving, now fall into ruins: our old men and children know not where to lay their heads. Our complaints are loſt in the air, and each day a more cruel poverty ſucceeds to that we yeſterday deplored. The appearance of humanity is ſcarce left us, and the animals that crop the graſs are far leſs miſerable.

The moſt heavy ſtrokes have fell upon our heads. We are deſpiſed by the man in power, who will not alow us to have any ſenſation of honour; he comes to moleſt our huts, and to ſeduce the innocence of our daughters: he ſnatches them from us, and they become a prey to brutal luſt. In vain do we implore the aid of juſtice; juſtice turns from us, it is deaf to our cries, and only ready to aſſiſt them that oppreſs us.

The parade of magnificence inſults our miſery, and renders it ſtill more inſupportable. They drink our blood, and forbid us to complain. The hardened wretch, ſurrounded by an inſolent luxury, prides himſelf on the works that

tenance? In the other coffer are the voluntary offerings, intended for uſeful deſigns, for the execution

that our hands have erected. While he thirſts for gold, our induſtry is forgot; he regards us as ſlaves, becauſe we are not riotous nor revengeful.

Thoſe inceſſant wants that ſurround us have corrupted the purity of our manners: perfidy and rapine have crept in amongſt us; for the neceſſities of life commonly overcome virtue. But who has given us examples of rapine? Who has extinguiſhed in our hearts that ſource of candour which made us dear to each other? Who has cauſed our miſery, the mother of our vices? Many of our inhabitants have refuſed to give exiſtence to children that muſt be a prey to famine in the cradle. Others, in their deſpair, have blaſphemed againſt Providence. Who are the real authors of all our crimes?

May our complaints pierce through that vapour by which thrones are ſurrounded! May kings rouſe from their lethargy, and remember that they might have been born in our ſtation, and that their children may one day deſcend to it! Attached to our country, or rather forming the moſt eſſential part of it, we do not wiſh to be exempt from contributing to its ſupport. All we wiſh is a man of equity, who will eſtimate the degree of our force, and not cruſh us by a burden, which, if proportioned to our ſtrength, we ſhould bear with pleaſure. Then tranquil and rich in our œconomy, contented with our lot, we ſhould behold the grandeur of others without repining at our humble ſtation.

execution of ſuch projects as have been approved by the public. This ſometimes is richer than the other; for we love liberality in our gifts, and no other motive is neceſſary to excite it than equity and a love for the ſtate. Whenever our king ſends forth an uſeful edict, that merits the public approbation, we run in crowds to the cheſt with our marks of acknowledgment; he has but to propoſe, and we furniſh him with the means of accompliſhing every important project. There is a ſimilar trunk in every quarter of the city, and in every city in the provinces; which receives the contributions of the

More than the moiety of our days is already paſt. Our hearts are more than half delivered of their grief: we have but a little time to live. Our prayers are more for our country than for ourſelves. It is we that ſupport it: but if oppreſſion ſhall continually increaſe, we muſt ſink; our country will be overthrown, and by its fall it will cruſh our tyrants. We do not wiſh for this fruitleſs and rueful vengeance. What ſolace can the miſeries of others afford us, when ſurrounded by the grave? We ſpeak to you, O ſovereigns! If you be yet men, if your hearts be not totally hardened, you will yet remember that we know how to die; and that the death by which we ſhall ſoon all be ſwallowed up, will one day be to you far more dreadful than to us.

This note is taken, in part, from a book intitled *Les Hommes*.

country,

country, that is, of the farmer at his eaſe, for the labourer whoſe property is in his arms and his hands, pays nothing. The beef and the hogs are likewiſe exempt from that odious tax, which was firſt laid on the head of the Jews (*a*), and which you paid without being ſenſible of your ſervile ſtate."

How! I ſaid, do you leave it to the good-will of the people to pay their taxes? there muſt be then a great number that pay nothing, without your knowing it.—" Not at all; your fears are vain. In the firſt place, we give with a free will; our tribute is not by compulſion, but founded on reaſon and equity. There is ſcarce a man amongſt us who does not eſteem it a point of honour to diſcharge the moſt ſacred and moſt legitimate of all debts. Beſide, if a man in condition to pay ſhould dare to neglect it, you there ſee the table on which the name of

(*a*) *The Jews in France are at this day liable to pay a tax on entering a town, in the ſame manner as oxen and hogs; there ſeems ſomething whimſical in connecting them with the laſt mentioned animals: it is however certainly far more infamous for a nation that pretends to humanity to impoſe a tax on any people on account of their religion, than it is for them to pay it when compelled.*

the head of every family is engraved, by which we ſhould ſoon ſee who had not thrown in his packet, on which ſhould be his ſeal. In that caſe he covers himſelf with an eternal infamy, and we regard him as you regard a thief; the appellation of a bad citizen follows him to the grave.

"EXAMPLES of this ſort are very rare, for the free gifts frequently amount to more than the tribute. We know that by giving a part to the ſtate, we render a benefit to ourſelves, and that if we would enjoy certain conveniencies, we muſt make a previous advance. But what are words, when we can teach by example? You ſhall preſently ſee much better than I can explain to you. It is to-day that there arrives from every part, the juſt tribute of a faithful people to a beneficent monarch, who conſiders himſelf merely as the depoſitory of the gifts they offer.

"LET us repair to the king's palace; the deputies of each province are by this time near arrived."—In fact, we had gone but a ſhort way before I ſaw men drawing ſmall cars, on which were

were placed cheſts covered with laurels. They broke the ſeals of thoſe coffers, and put them in the balance, by which, allowing for the weight of the cheſt, they found the juſt quantity of ſilver that each contained; and as all the payments were made in ſilver, they knew the exact produce of the whole, which was publicly declared by ſound of trumpet. After the general examination, an account in writing was fixed up for public inſpection, and by that each one knew the revenue of the ſtate. The money was then placed in the royal treaſury, under the care of the comptroller of the finances.

THIS was a day of rejoicing; they wore garlands of flowers, and cried, "Long live the king." They came in proceſſion before each car of tribute. The deputies of the ſeveral provinces ſaluted each other, and made reciprocal preſents. They drank to the health of the monarch by the ſound of cannon, which were anſwered by thoſe of the capitol, as expreſſing the thanks of the ſovereign. The whole people appeared on that day as one family. The king preſented himſelf in the midſt of this joyful people; he replied to the acclamations of his

ſubjects by thoſe tender and affable regards, that inſpire confidence, and render love for love: he diſdained the art of treating politically with a people whom he regarded as his children. His viſits did not diſtreſs the citizens, as they coſt them nothing but cries of joy (*a*), the

(*a*) I once ſaw a prince make his public entry into a foreign city. The cannon proclaimed his approach. He was magnificently dreſſed, and drawn in a gilded car, loaded with pages and lacquies. The horſes neighed and bounded as if they had drawn the chariot of felicity. All the windows were thrown up, the roofs were covered, and the ſtreets crowded with the multitude. The cavalry brandiſhed their ſabres, and and the infantry exerciſed their muſkets. The air reſounded with the echo of the trumpets. The poet ſtrung his lyre, and the orator attended his deſcent from the chariot. The prince arrives; he is conducted to the palace, and his preſence inſpires an awful joy. I was at a window, and ſaw all that paſſed, which afforded me ſome ſingular reflections. Walking in the ſtreets a few days after, I was ſurpriſed to meet this prince on foot, alone, and in diſguiſe. No one took any notice of him, but treated him as a vulgar perſon. At that moment there arrived a mountebank, ſeated in a ſort of chaiſe, drawn by a number of large dogs, with a monkey for their poſtilion. The windows were all thrown up, the people ſhouted, and all their looks were fixed on the mountebank: the prince himſelf, attracted by the crowd, became one of his admirers. I looked attentively at

the moſt brilliant and moſt flattering of all receptions. They did not deſiſt from their labours, on the contrary, every citizen was proud of appearing before his king in the occupation he had embraced.

An intendant, inveſted with all the neceſſary marks of power, went into every province, received their petitions, examined himſelf the abuſes, and bore directly to the foot of the throne the complaint of the ſubject. He viſited indiſcriminately every town, and where any abuſe was aboliſhed, they erected a pyramid in commemoration. What hiſtory more inſtructive than theſe moral monuments, which aſſerted that the ſovereign really applied himſelf to the art of governing. Theſe intendants ſet off and arrive incognito, they are perpetually diſguiſed, and made their informations ſecretly; they

at him, and methought I heard him ſay to himſelf, "The "empty acclamations of the multitude ſhall never more "dazzle my mind with a fooliſh pride. It is not this man "the people throng to ſee, but his ſtrange equipage. It "was not I that attracted their regards, but my valets, "my horſes, the richneſs of my dreſs, and the ſplendor "of my gilded chariot."

are ſpies, but they acte for the good of their country (*a*).

But your comptroller of the finances, I ſaid, muſt be a man of wonderful integrity (*b*). You remember the fable: the faithful dog, directed by temperance, carried his maſter's dinner, without every offering to touch it, but freely to eat his part at laſt, when invited by example. Your officer muſt have a double virtue conſtantly to defend, and never dare to touch it! "Be aſſured he builds no palace or villa. He does not advance his diſtant couſins, or ancient valets, to the firſt poſts in the government. He does not ſcatter his wealth as if all the revenue of the kingdom was at his diſpoſal (*c*). Beſide, all

(*a*) In Turky, and at preſent in France, a governor is as much maſter as the moſt abſolute monarch; it is that which cauſes the miſery of the people. This ſort of civil adminiſtrations is of all others the moſt deplorable.

(*b*) Fouquet ſaid, "I have all the money, and the tarif of all the virtues of the kingdom."

(c) After the miniſters, the financiers, the monopolizers, have ſacrificed their reputation for probity to a deſire of enriching themſelves; after they have ſubmitted to become

all theſe in whoſe hands the public treaſure is depoſited cannot make uſe of money on any pretence whatever. It would be high treaſon to receive from them a ſingle piece of coin. They pay ſome particular expences by notes ſigned with the king's own hand. The ſtates provide for all their expences; but they have not the leaſt property (*a*). They can neither buy, nor ſell, nor build. Their lodgings, their tables, their diverſions, are all charged to the ſtate. They enter a draper's ſhop, order ſuch cloth as they want, and depart; the tradeſ-

become odious, they do not even thinking of making a good uſe of their plunder; they endeavour to cover their original meanneſs under a pompous appearance. They intoxicate themſelves with diſſipations in order to drown the remembrance of what they have been, and what they have done, even this is not the greateſt evil, for by their oſtentatious wealth they corrupt thoſe who behold it with envy.

(*a*) The interior vices, that prepare the ruin of a ſtate, are, that enormous diſſipation of the public treaſure; thoſe extravagant gifts beſtowed on ſubjects without merit; thoſe faſtuous prodigalities unknown to the moſt lawleſs uſurpers. We may obſerve in hiſtory, that the moſt ſubtle tyrants have been the moſt prodigal. I have ſomewhere read, that Auguſtus, the maſter of the world, maintained an army of 40 legions for 12 millions per annum. This ſurely affords matter for reflection.

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man enters in his book; delivered ſuch a day, to ſuch a depoſitary of the ſtate, ſo much; the ſtate pays it: and ſo of every other profeſſion. You will eaſily imagine, that if a comptroller of the finances has any modeſty, he will make a moderate uſe of this privilege; and if he ſhould even abuſe it, we ſhall be ſtill gainers, compared with what the comptrollers coſt you. We have likewiſe ſuppreſſed the regiſters, which ſerved only to ſcreen the robberies of the nation, and to make them authentic by a method that may be called legitimate."

And who is your prime miniſter? "Can you aſk it? The king himſelf. Can royalty be transferred (*a*). The general, the judge, the ſtateſman, may then act by their proxies. In caſe of ſickneſs, or when on a journey, or engaged in ſome particular buſineſs, if the monarch charges any one with the accompliſhment of his orders, it is perhaps his friend only; there is no motive but that which can

(*a*) The general hiſtory of wars may be called, *The hiſtory of the private paſſions of miniſters.* One of theſe, by his inſiduous negotiations, ſets a diſtant and tranquil empire in flames, merely to revenge ſome trifling offence he has perſonally received.

induce

induce a man to charge himſelf voluntary with ſuch a burden; and our eſteem alone gives him the momentary power. Animated and recompenſed by friendſhip, he knows, like Sully and Amboiſe, how to ſpeak the truth to his maſter, and the more faithfully to ſerve him, ſometimes to oppoſe him. He combats his paſſions. He loves the man while he has at heart the glory of the monarch (*a*). By bearing part in his labours, he acquires a ſhare of the veneration of his country, doubtleſs the moſt honourable inheritance he can leave his deſcendants, and that alone of which he is jealous."

WHEN we talked of taxes, I forgot to aſk, If you have periodical lotteries, where, in my time, the poor people depoſited all their little hoards? "Certainly not. We do not ſo

(*a*) Fidelity does not conſiſt in that ſervile obedience to the will of another, which is repreſented by the emblem of a dog, who every where follows, continually flatters, and implicitely obeys the orders of an unjuſt or tyrannic maſter. It ſeems to me, that true fidelity is an exact obſervance of the laws of reaſon and juſtice, rather than a ſervile ſubmiſſion. Sully appears to me faithful when he tore the promiſe of marriage that Henry IV. had made.

abuſe

abuſe the credulous hope of man; we do not levy on the indigent part of our people a tax ſo ingeniouſly cruel. The wretched, who weary of the preſent, lives on expectation only, carries the price of his labour and watchings to that fatal wheel, from whence he is in continual hope that Fortune will viſit him; but is conſtantly deluded by that cruel goddeſs. The urgent deſire of happineſs prevents him from reaſoning, and though the fraud be palpable, as the heart is dead to hope before life dies, every one imagines that at laſt he ſhall be ſucceſsful. It is the ſavings of the indigent that have built thoſe ſuperb edifices, to which they go begging their bread. It is to them thoſe altars owe their luxury, to which they are hardly admitted. Forever a ſtranger, forever repulſed, the poor are not permitted to ſit on the ſtone they have paid for carving; pompous prieſts richly endowed, live under thoſe roofs, that in equity, at leaſt, ought to afford them an aſſylum."

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

ON COMMERCE.

IT ſeems, by what you have told me, that France has no longer any colonies in the new world; that each part of America forms a ſeparate kingdom, though united under one ſpirit of legiſlation? "We ſhould be highly ridiculous to ſend our dear fellow citizens two thouſand leagues from us. Why ſhould we thus eſtrange ourſelves from our brethren? Our climate is at leaſt as good as that of America. Every neceſſary production is here common, and by nature excellent. The colonies were to France what a country-houſe is to a private perſon: the houſe in the country, ſooner or latter, ruins that in town.

"We have a commerce, but it conſiſts merely in the exchange of ſuperfluities among ourſelves. We have prudently baniſhed three natural poiſons, of which you made perpetual uſe; ſnuff, coffee, and tea. You ſtuffed your heads with a villanous powder, that deprived you

you Frenchmen of what little memory you had. You burned your ſtomach with liquors that deſtroyed it by encreaſing its action. Thoſe nervous diſorders ſo common among you, were owing to the effeminate liquor which carried off the nouriſhing juice of the animal life. We cultivate an interior commerce only, of which we find the good effects; founded principally on agriculture, it diſtributes the moſt neceſſary aliments; it ſatisfies the wants of man, but not his pride.

"No man bluſhes to till his own ground, and to improve it to the higheſt degree poſſible. Our monarch himſelf has ſeveral acres which are cultivated under his own eye. We have not among us any of thoſe titled gentry, whoſe only purſuit was idleneſs.

"FOREIGN traffic was the real father of that deſtructive luxury, which produced in its turn, that horrid inequality of fortunes, which cauſed all the wealth of the nation to paſs into a few hands. Becauſe a woman could carry in her ears the patrimony of ten families, the peaſant was forced to ſell the land of his anceſtors,

tors, and to fly, with tears, from that ſoil where he found nought but miſery and diſgrace: for thoſe inſatiable monſters, who had accumulated the gold, even derided the misfortunes of thoſe they had plundered (*a*).

(*a*) I ſmile with indignant pity when I ſee ſo many fine projects offered for the improvement of agriculture and population, while the taxes continually increaſing, rob the people of the ſweat of their brow; and the price of corn is augmented by the monopoly of thoſe who have all the money of the kingdom in their hands. Muſt we forever cry to thoſe proud and obdurate ears, "Give us a full and unbounded liberty of commerce and navigation, and a diminution of taxes." Theſe are the only means of nouriſhing the people, and preventing that depopulation which we ſee already begun. But, alas! Patriotiſm is a contraband virtue. The man who lives for himſelf alone, who thinks of nought but himſelf, who is ſilent, and turns away his eyes for fear of horror, he is the good citizen; they even praiſe his prudence and moderation. For my own part, I cannot remain ſilent, I muſt declare what I have ſeen. It is into moſt of the provinces of France that we muſt go to ſee the people completely miſerable. It is now, in 1770, three winters together that we have ſeen bread dear. The laſt year one half of the peaſants had need of public charity, and this winter will complete their ruin; for they who have lived till now ſelling their effects, have nothing left to ſell. Theſe poor people have a patience that makes me admire the force of the laws and of education.

We

We began by deſtroying thoſe great companies that abſorbed all the fortunes of individuals, annihilated the generous boldneſs of a nation, and gave as deadly a blow to morality as to the ſtate.

"IT may be very agreeable to ſip chololate, to breathe the odour of ſpices, to eat ſugar and ananas, to drink Barbadoes water, and to be clothed in the gaudy ſtuffs of India. But are theſe ſenſations ſufficiently voluptuous to cloſe our eyes againſt the crowd of unheard of evils that your luxury engendered in the two hemiſpheres? You violated the moſt ſacred ties of blood and nature on the coaſt of Guinea. You armed the father againſt the ſon, while you pretended to the name of Chriſtians and of men. Blind barbarians! You have been but too well convinced by a fatal experience. A thirſt for gold extolled by every heart; amiable moderation baniſhed by avidity; juſtice and virtue regarded as chimeras; avarice, pale and reſtleſs, plowing the waves, and peopling with carcaſes the depths of the ocean; a whole race of men bought and ſold, treated

treated as the vileſt animals; kings become merchants, covering the ſeas with blood for the flag of a frigate: Gold, to conclude, flowing from the mines of Peru like a flaming river, and running into Europe, burned up every where in its courſe the roots of happineſs, and was then forever loſt on the eaſtern world, where ſuperſtition buried in the earth, on one ſide, what avarice had painfully drawn from it, on the other. Behold a faithful picture of the advantages that foreign commerce produced to the world.

"OUR veſſels do not make the tour of the globe, to bring back cochineal and indigo. Know you where are our mines? Where is our Peru? In labour and aſſiduity. All that promotes eaſe and convenience, that directly tends to aſſiſt nature, is cultivated with the greateſt care. All that belongs to pomp, to oſtentation and vanity, to a puerile deſire of an excluſive poſſeſſion of what is merely the work of fancy, is ſeverely prohibited. We have caſt into the ſea thoſe deceitful diamonds, thoſe dangerous pearls, and all thoſe whimſical ſtones that rendered the heart, like them, impene-

trable. You thought yourſelves highly ingenious in the refinements of luxury, but your purſuits were merely after ſuperfluities, after the ſhadow of greatneſs; you were not even voluptuous. Your futile and miſerable inventions were confined to a day. You were nothing more than children fond of glaring objects, incapable of ſatisfying your real wants. Ignorant of the art of happineſs, you fatigued yourſelves, far from the object of your purſuits, and miſtook, at every ſtep, the image for the reality.

"WHEN our veſſels leave their harbours, they take not thunder with them, to ſeize on the vaſt extent of waters, a fugitive prey that forms a point ſcarce perceptible to the ſight. The echo of the waves bears not to heaven the hideous cries of furious wretches that diſpute, at the expence of life itſelf, a paſſage over the immenſe and vacant ocean. We viſit diſtant nations, but inſtead of the productions of their lands, we bring home the moſt uſeful diſcoveries relative to their legiſlature, their phyſical life, and their manners. Our veſſels ſerve to connect our aſtronomical knowledge; more than

than three hundred obſervatories erected on this globe are ready to mark the leaſt alteration that occurs in the heavens. The earth is the poſt where watches the centinel of the firmament who never ſleeps. Aſtronomy is become an important ſcience, as it proclaims, with a majeſtic voice, the glory of the Creator, and the dignity of that thinking being who has proceeded from his hands. But now we talk of commerce, let us not forget the moſt extraordinary kind that ever exiſted. You ought to be very rich," he ſaid, "for in your youth, doubtleſs, you placed out money on annuities, eſpecially on ſurvivorſhips, as did one half of Paris. An invention of wonderful ingenuity was that ſort of lottery, where they played at life and death, and the winnings were to go to the longeſt liver! You ſhould have a moſt plentiful annuity! They renounced father and mother, brother and ſiſter, all friends and relations, to double their revenue. They made the king their heir, then ſlept in a profound indolence, and lived only for themſelves."—Ah! why do you tell me of theſe matters? Thoſe rueful edicts that completed our corruption, and diſſolved connections, till then held ſacred; that barbarous refine-

ment

ment which publicly conſecrated ſelf-love, that detached the citizens from each other, and made them ſolitary and lifeleſs beings, drew tears from my eyes, when I reflected on the future condition of the ſtate. I ſaw private fortunes melt away, and the exceſſive maſs of opulence ſwell by their diſſolution; but the fatal blow that was given to morals affected me ſtill more deeply; no longer any connection between hearts that ought to be devoted to each other; they gave to intereſt a keener ſword; intereſt of itſelf already ſo formidable; the ſovereign authority laid thoſe barriers at its feet, that it would never have dared to attack of itſelf.—"Good old man," ſaid my guide, "you have done well to ſleep, or you would have ſeen the annuitants and the ſtate puniſhed for their mutual imprudence. Politics, ſince that period, has made no ſuch ſoleciſm; it does not now ruin, but unite and enrich the citizens."

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

THE EVENING.

THE ſun was going down. My guide invited me to go with him to the houſe of one of his friends, where he was to ſup. I did not want much entreaty. I had not yet ſeen the inſide of their houſes, and that, in my judgment, is the moſt intereſting ſight in every city. In reading hiſtory, I paſs over many paſſages, but am ever curious in examining the detail of domeſtic life: that once done, I have no need to learn the reſt; I can form a natural conjecture.

On entering, I found none of thoſe petty apartments that ſeem to be cells for lunatics, whoſe walls are ſcarce ſix inches thick, and where they freeze in winter, and ſcorch in ſummer. The rooms were large and ſonorous; you might walk at your eaſe. A ſolid roof guarded them from the piercing cold and the burning rays of the ſun; theſe houſes,

moreover, did not grow old with thoſe that built them.

I ENTERED the ſalloon, and preſently diſtinguiſhed the maſter of the houſe. He ſaluted me without grimace or reſerve (*a*). His wife and children behaved in his preſence in a free but reſpectful manner; and monſieur, or the eldeſt ſon, did not give me a ſpecimen of his wit by ridiculing his father; neither his mother, nor his grand-mother would have been charmed with ſuch witticiſms (*b*). His ſiſters were neither affectedly polite, nor totally inſenſible; they received us in a graceful manner, and reſumed their ſeveral employments; they did not watch all my motions, nor did

(*a*) How falſe and and diminitive is our politeneſs! And how odious and inſulting is that aſſumed by the great! It is a maſk more hideous than the moſt ugly of all faces. All thoſe reverences, thoſe affected geſticulations, are inſufferable to a real man. The falſe brilliancy of our manners is more diſguſtful than the groſſeſt behaviour of a clown.

(*b*) There is a licentiouſneſs of the mind which is far more dangerous than that of the ſenſes; and it is at this time the principal vice that infects the youth of our capital.

my

my great age and broken voice make them once ſmile; they diſplayed none of that unnatural complaiſance, which is ſo contrary to true politeneſs. This room was not decorated with twenty brittle, taſteleſs bawbles. There was no gilding, varniſhing, porcelain (*a*), or wretched figures. In their place was a lively tapeſtry, pleaſing to the ſight, and ſome finiſhed prints; a remarkable neatneſs graced this ſalloon, that of itſelf was elegant and lightſome.

We joined converſation, but there was no ſporting with paradoxes (*b*); that execrable wit,

(*a*) What a miſerable luxury is that of porcelain! A cat, a bruſh with the ſleeve, may deſtroy in a moment more than the produce of twenty acres.

(*b*) Converſation animates the rencounter of ideas, brings forth the treaſures of the mind, and is one of the greateſt pleaſures of life: it is moreover that of all others I moſt highly enjoy. But in the world, I have remarked, that inſtead of nouriſhing, ſtrengthening, and elevating the mind, it enervates and degrades it. All things are now become problematical. By an abuſe of reaſon, the very exiſtence of objects is in a manner deſtroyed. We meet with panegyrics on the moſt enormous abuſes.

wit, which was the plague of the age I lived in, did not give falſe colours to things that were by nature perfectly ſimple. No one maintained the direct contrary of what was aſſerted by another, merely to diſplay his talents (*a*). Theſe people talked from principle, and did not contradict themſelves twenty times in a quarter of an hour. The ſpirit of this converſation was not directed by ſtarts; and without being profuſe or dull, they

All things are juſtified. They embrace, unknown to themſelves, a thouſand puerile and extravagant ideas.—There minds become diſtorted by the colliſon of oppoſite opinions. There is, I know not what poiſon, that inſinuates itſelf, mounts to the head, and clouds your primitive ideas, which are commonly the moſt juſt. Avarice, ambition, and luxury, have ſo ſubtle a logic, that after hearing them, you have no longer your former abhorence for thoſe by whom they are practiſed; they all prove themſelves to be innocent. We muſt quickly fly to ſolitude to regain a vigorous abhorence of vice. The world makes us familiar with thoſe crimes it applauds, and affects us with its deluſive ſpirit. By too much frequenting men, we become leſs men; we receive from them a falſe light that leads us aſtray. It is by ſhutting the door that we recollect ourſelves, that we perceive the pure light of truth, which never ſhines among the multitude.

(*a*) The decrees of idleneſs are as unjuſt as thoſe of vanity.

did

did not paſs, in the ſame breath, from the birth of a prince to the drowning of a dog.

THE young people did not affect a childiſh manner, a drawling or liſping language, nor a proud careleſs aſpect and attitude (*a*). I heard no licentious propoſal, nor did any one declaim in a gloomy, tedious, heavy manner, againſt thoſe conſolatory truths, that are the delight and comfort of ſenſible minds (*b*). The women did not affect a tone by turns languiſhing and imperious; they were decent, reſerved, modeſt, and engaged in an eaſy and ſuitable employment; idleneſs had no charms for them; they did not riſe at noon becauſe they were to do nothing at night. I was highly pleaſed with their not propoſing cards;

(*a*) A pretty fellow in France muſt be ſlender, weakly, and not have more than twelve ounces of fleſh on his bones; he ſhould likewiſe have a pain in his ſtomach, and a very poor ſtate of health. A man that is ſtrong and hearty is a hideous creature. It becomes the Swiſs and and porters only, to have a maſculine figure and a florid ſtate of health.

(*b*) Pyrrhoniſm ſuppoſes ſometimes more prejudices than a natural diſpoſition to receive the appearances of of truth.

that inſipid diverſion, invented to amuſe an idiot monarch, and which is conſtantly pleaſing to the numerous herd of dunces, who are thereby enabled to conceal their profound ignorance, had diſappeared from among a people who knew too well how to improve the moments of life to waſte them in a practice at once ſo dull and faſtidious (*a*). I ſaw none of thoſe green tables, on which men ruin themſelves unpitied. Avarice did not moleſt theſe honeſt citizens, even in the moments conſecrated to leiſure. They did not make a fatigue of what ſhould be a mere relaxation (*b*).

(*a*) *With our author's leave, card-playing is not always a proper employment for dunces: for though cards are frequently, indeed commonly, introduced to ſupply a dearth of converſation, yet there are ſeveral games that require a ſtrong exertion of all the faculties of the mind. No dance, no man of indifferent capacity, ever played the game of piquet or ombre well.*

(*b*) I dread the approach of winter, not for the ſeverity of the ſeaſon, but becauſe it brings with it a wretched thirſt for gaming. That ſeaſon is the moſt fatal to morals, and the moſt inſupportable to philoſophy. It is then thoſe noiſy and inſipid aſſemblies ſtart up; where all the futile paſſions exerciſe their ridiculous empire. The taſte for trifles then dictates the mode. All the men, metamorphoſed into effeminate ſlaves, are ſubordinate to the caprice of the women, for whom, at the very time, they have neither eſteem nor affection.

If

If they played, it was at draughts, or chefs, thoſe ancient and ſtudious games, that offer an infinite variety of combinations to the mind. There were alſo other games they called mathematical recreations, and with which even their children were acquainted.

I OBSERVED that each one followed his inclination, without being remarked by the reſt of the company. There were no female ſpies, who, by cenſuring others, diſcharged themſelves of that foul humour which rankles their ſouls, and which they frequently owe as much to their deformity as their folly. Theſe converſed, thoſe turned over a book of prints, one examined the pictures, and another amuſed himſelf with a book in a corner. They formed no circle to communicate a gaping that runs all round. In a room adjoining was a concert; it was that of ſweet flutes united with the human voice. The clanging harpſicord, and the monotonous fiddle, here yielded to the enchanting powers of a fine woman; what inſtrument can have greater effect upon the heart? The improved harmonica, however, ſeemed to diſpute the prize; it breathed the

moſt pure, full, and melodious ſounds that can charm the ear. It was a raviſhing and celeſtial muſic, that is far from being rivalled by the clamour of our operas, where the man of taſte and ſenſibility ſeeks for the conſonance of unity, but ſeeks in vain.

I WAS highly charmed. They did not remain continually ſeated, nailed to a chair, and obliged to maintain an eternal converſation about nothing, and that too with the utmoſt ſolemnity (*a*). The women were not continually wrangling about metaphyſics; and if they ſpoke about poetry, of dramas, or authors, they conſtantly acknowledged themſelves, notwithſtanding their great abilities, unequal to the ſubject (*b*).

(*a*) In common converſation we meet with two circumſtances equally diſagreeable, to have nothing to ſay, and yet be forced to talk; or to have ſomething to ſay when the converſation is over.

(*b*) A woman never thinks cloſely but when ſhe meditates on the leſſons of a favourite gallant *; and how many men are there like women?

* *This is certainly not juſt; our author, as a Frenchman, ſhould have remembered the name of Dacier, and not have expreſſed himſelf in ſuch unlimited terms.*

THEY

THEY desired me to walk into an adjoining room, where supper was prepared. I looked at the clock with surprize, it was not yet seven. Come, Sir, said the master of the house, taking me by the hand, we do not pass our nights by the light of wax candles. We think the sun so beautiful, that it is to us a pleasure to see its first rays dart on the horizon. We do not go to bed with a loaded stomach, to experience broken slumbers, attended by fantastic dreams. We carefully guard our health, as on that the serenity of the mind depends (*a*). We are moreover fond of gay and pleasing dreams (*b*).

(*a*) Health is to happiness, what the dew of heaven is to the fruits of the earth.

(*b*) Happy are they who enjoy the sensation of health; that tranquil state of body, that equilibrium, that perfect agreement of all the humours, that happy disposition of all the organs, by which their strength and agility are supported. That general perfect health, is of itself a high enjoyment. It is not rapturous; granted: but as it alone surpasses all other pleasures, it gives that contentment to the mind, that internal and delicious calm, which makes existence dear to us, enables us to admire the face of nature, and render grateful thanks to the Author of our being. Not to be sick, is alone a soothing pleasure. I readily call him a philosopher, who,

THERE was a general ſilence. The father of the family bleſſed the food that was ſet before us. This graceful and holy cuſtom was revived; and it appeared to me important, as perpetually reminding us of that gratitude we owe to God, who inceſſantly ſupplies us with ſubſiſtence. I was more buſy in examining the table than in eating. I ſhall not dwell on the neatneſs and elegance that there prevailed. The domeſtics ſat at the bottom of the table, and eat with their maſters; they had therefore the more reſpect for them; they received by this mean leſſons of probity, which they laid up in their hearts; they thereby became more enlightened, and were not coarſe or inſolent, as they were not longer regarded as baſe. Liberty, gaiety, a decent familiarity, dilated the heart and glowed in the front of every gueſt. Every one had his meſs placed before him; no one crowded his neighbour; no one coveted a diſh that was diſtant from him; he would have been reckoned a glutton, who was not content with his portion, for it was quite ſufficient. Many

ſenſible of the dangers, of exceſs, and the advantages of moderation, knows how to bridle his appetites, and live without pain: how important a ſecret!

people eat exceſſively more from habit than real appetite (*a*). They had learned to correct that fault without a ſumptuary law.

NONE of the meats I taſted had any diſcernable ſeaſoning, for which I was not ſorry. I

(*a*) Anatomy demoſtrates, that our organs of pleaſure are covered with ſmall pyramidical eminences. The leſs obtuſe they are made by frequent uſe, the more ſenſible and elaſtic they remain, and the more ready to recover their tone. Nature, a tender and careful mother, has ſo conſtructed them, that they preſerve their ſpring to an advanced age, when their requiſite ſubtilty, their due aſperity is not deſtroyed. It depends therefore on man to reſerve pleaſure for every age of life. But what does the intemperate wretch? He deſtroys this precious organiſm; he vitiates that delicate ſenſation, by making thoſe parts flat and hard; he reduces a being almoſt celeſtial, and endowed with pleaſures peculiar to himſelf, to the rank of a wretched automaton. What animal, in matters of enjoyment, has been more favoured than man? Who but he can contemplate the firmament, diſtinguiſh the pleaſing forms and colours of the minuteſt bodies, breathe the moſt grateful odours, comprehend all the various inflections of the voice, receive rapturous pleaſure from paintings, eloquence, and poetry, and plunge with the greateſt delight into the depths of algebra and geometry, &c.? He who ſaid that man was an abridgment of the univerſe, aſſerted a great and pleaſing truth. Man appears to be connected with all that exiſts.

found a ſavour in them, a natural ſalt, which ſeemed to me delicious. I ſaw none of thoſe refined diſhes that paſs through the hands of ſeveral ſophiſticators, of thoſe ragouts, thoſe inflammatory ſauces, rarified in ſmall, but coſtly diſhes, which haſten the deſtruction of the human race, at the ſame time that they burn up the entrails. Theſe were not a voracious people, who devour more than the magnificence of nature, with all her generative faculties, can produce. If ever luxury be odious, that of the table is the moſt deteſtable; for if the rich, by an abuſe of their wealth, diſſipate the nouriſhing fruits of the earth, the poor muſt neceſſarily pay the dearer for them, and, what is worſe, frequently not have a competency (*a*).

THE herbs and fruits were all of the ſeaſon; they knew not the ſecret of producing wretched cherries in the midſt of the winter; they were not ſollicitous for the firſt produce, but left nature to ripen her fruits. The palate was thereby better pleaſed, and the body better nouriſhed. They gave us a deſert of ſome excellent

(*a*) The unfeeling man is preciſely him whom the world calls a man of taſte.

fruit,

fruit, and ſome old wine; but none of thoſe coloured liquors diſtilled from brandy, ſo much in uſe in my time; they were as ſeverely prohibited as arſenic. This people were ſenſible, that there was no pleaſure in procuring a ſlow and cruel death.

THE maſter of the houſe ſaid to me, with a ſmile, "You muſt certainly think this a pitiful deſert; here are neither trees, nor caſtles, nor wind-mills, nor any other figures of confectionary (*a*); that ridiculous extravagance, which could not produce the leaſt real pleaſure, was formerly the delight of thoſe great children that were become dotards. Your magiſtrates, who, at leaſt, ought to have given examples of frugality, and not authoriſed by their practice, an inſolent and pitiful luxury; thoſe

(*a*) O France! O my country! wouldſt thou know wherein thy true glory now conſiſts, thy real pre-eminence over other nations? Hear: thou excelleſt in the invention of faſhions; they are adopted in the extremities of the North, in all the courts of Germany, even within the Seraglio; in a word, by all the four parts of the earth. Thy cooks, thy confectioners are the moſt excellent in the univerſe; and every nation of Europe admires thy dancers.

magi-

magiſtrates, they ſay, thoſe fathers of the people, at the commencement of every parliament, were in extaſies at the ſight of groteſque figures made of ſugar; from whence we may eaſily judge of the emulation of other ranks to excell the men of the long robe."—You can have but an imperfect idea of our induſtry, I replied; in my time, they exhibited, on a table ten feet wide, an opera of ſweetmeats, with all its machines, decorations, orcheſtra, actors, and dancers, with the ſhifting of the ſcenes, in the ſame manner as at the theatre of the Palais-Royal. During the exhibition, the whole people beſieged the door, to enjoy the great happineſs of a glimpſe of this ſuperb deſert, the whole expence of which they certainly paid. The poor people admired the wonderful magnificence of their princes, and thought themſelves very inſignificant, when compared with ſuch greatneſs. . . . The whole company laughed heartily; we roſe from table with gaiety; we rendered thanks to God; and no one complained of vapours or indigeſtion.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

THE GAZETTES.

ON returning to the former room, I ſaw lying on the table large ſheets of paper, twice as long as the Engliſh news-papers. I eagerly ſeized theſe printed ſheets, and found that they were intitled, News public and private. As nothing can equal the ſurpriſe I felt on reading every page, determined as I was never more to be ſurpriſed, I ſhall here tranſcribe thoſe articles that ſtruck me moſt, as near as my memory will permit.

* * *

From PEKIN, the . . . .

THEY repreſented before the emperor the tragedy of Cinna. The clemency of Auguſtus, with the beauty and dignity of the other characters, made a great impreſſion on all the audience.

O WHAT an impudent lying gazette is here! I ſaid to the perſon who ſtood next me. Read . . . . "Nay," he replied very coolly, "there is

is nothing more likely. I myſelf have ſeen the Orphan of China repreſented at Pekin. You muſt know, that I am a mandarin, and that I love letters as much as juſtice. I have traverſed the Royal Canal (*a*); I arrived here in about four months, and amuſed myſelf by the way. I was anxious to ſee that Paris, of which I had heard ſo much, and to inform myſelf of a thouſand things, which it is abſolutely neceſſary to ſee, clearly to comprehend. The French language has been common at Pekin for theſe two centuries paſt; and, on my return, I ſhall take with me ſeveral good books that I intend to tranſlate."—You do not then, Mr. Mandarin, ſtill uſe your hieroglyphic language, and have abrogated that extraordinary law, which for-

(*a*) The Royal Canal divides China, from north to ſouth, for the ſpace of ſix hundred leagues. It is joined by lakes, rivers, &c. This empire abounds with like canals, many of which run ten leagues in a ſtrait line; they ſupply moſt of the cities with proviſions. Their bridges have a boldneſs and magnificence ſuperior to any thing of the kind that Europe can produce. And we, weak, trifling, pitiful in all our public works, we employ our ingenuity, labour, and wonderful knowledge, in ornamenting objects of mere vanity, in erecting magnificent bawbles; almoſt all that we call maſter-pieces of art are nothing more than the ſports of children.

bade

bade any one of you to leave the empire?—"It was quite neceſſary to change our language and adopt more ſimple characters, if we would maintain a correſpondence with you. This was not more difficult than it is to learn algebra or geometry. Our emperor has repealed the law that forbade travelling, as he very rightly judged, that you did not all reſemble thoſe prieſts whom we named demi-diables, from their attempts to allumine the torch of diſcord even in our diſtant country. If I do not miſtake the epoch, a more cloſe and intimate connection was formed on account of certain copper-plates which you had engraved. That art was then new to us, and highly admired. We have ſince almoſt equalled you."—O, I underſtand you; the deſigns of thoſe plates repreſented battles; they were ſent to us by that poetic monarch to whom Voltaire addreſſed a beautiful ode; and our king having charged his beſt artiſts with their execution, ſent them as a preſent to *The charming emperor of China.*—"Right. Since that time the intercourſe has been eſtabliſhed, and by degrees the ſciences have paſſed from one country to the other, like bills of exchange. The opinions of one man have become

come thoſe of the univerſe. It is printing, that noble invention, which has propagated this light. The tyrants of human reaſon, with their hundred hands, have not been able to ſtop its invincible courſe. Nothing can be more rapid than that ſalutary motion given to the moral world by the ſun of arts; it has ſurrounded every object with a pure and durable ſplendor.

"THE baſtinado is no longer practiſed in China; and the mandarins do not now reſemble the heads of a college; the common people are not ſlothful and fraudulent, as the greateſt pains has been taken to improve their minds; ignominious puniſhments no longer cruſh them to the earth; they have been inſpired with notions of honour. We conſtantly venerate Confucius, who was almoſt cotemporary with your Socrates, and who, like him, did not ſubtiliſe on the Principal of Beings, but contented himſelf with declaring that nothing is hid from him, and that he will puniſh vice and reward virtue. Our Confucius had one advantage over the Grecian ſage; he did not boldly attack thoſe religious prejudices, which, for want of a more noble

noble ſupport, were the baſis of the morals of the people; he waited patiently, till truth, without tumult and labour, ſhould exert its own power. In ſhort, it was he, who proved that a monarch muſt neceſſarily be a philoſopher to govern his people juſtly. Our emperor ſtill holds the plow; but it is not an act of vain oeconomy or puerile oſtentation. . . ."

URGED by a deſire to read and hear at the ſame time, while I liſtened on one ſide, my eye, not leſs curious, ran over the pages of this gazette. I read as follows.

* * *

JEDDO, the capital of Japan, the. . . .

THE deſcendants of the great Taiço, who cauſed Dairi, to be regarded as an impotent, though revered idol, have juſt tranſlated the Spirit of Laws, and the Treatiſe on Crimes and Puniſhments.

THE venerable Amida has been conducted through all the ſtreets; but no one offered himſelf to be cruſhed by his chariot-wheels.

A FREE

A FREE entrance is granted at Japan; and every one there eagerly profits by the arts of foreigners. Suicide is no longer a virtue among theſe people; they have diſcovered that it was the conſequence of deſpair, or of a fooliſh and criminal inſenſibility.

* * *

PERSIA, the ....

THE king of Perſia has dined with his brothers, who have remarkable fine eyes. They aſſiſt in the government of the empire; their principal employment is to read the diſpatches. The ſacred books of Zoroaſter and Sadder are conſtantly read and reſpected; but there is now no mention made of Omar, or of Ali.

* * *

MEXICO, the ....

THIS city has completely regained the ancient ſplendor it enjoyed under the auguſt government of princes deſcended from the renowned Montezuma. Our emperor, on his advancement to the throne, rebuilt the palace in the form it had in the days of his anceſtors. The Indians no longer go bare-foot and without linen. They have erected in the great ſquare

the

the ſtatue of Gatimozin, extended on the burning coals; and under it are wrote theſe words, *And I, am I on a bed of roſes?*

PRAY tell me, I ſaid to the mandarin, is it then forbid to name the empire of New Spain? He replied, "When the avenger of the New World had drove away the tyrants, (the talents of Mahomet and Cæſar united would not have nearly equalled thoſe of that wonderful man) this formidable deliverer contented himſelf with being a legiſlator. He laid down the ſword, to diſplay to the nations the ſacred code of the laws. You can form no idea of ſo tranſcendent a genius; his powerful eloquence reſembled the voice of the Divinity deſcended upon the earth. America was divided into two empires; that of North America contains Mexico, Canada, the Antilles, Jamaica, and St. Domingo; to that of South America belongs Peru, Paraguay, Chili, the land of Magellan, and the country of the Amazons; but each of theſe kingdoms has a ſeparate monarch, who is himſelf ſubject to a general law, almoſt in the ſame manner as, in your time, the flouriſhing empire of Germany,

while divided into various monarchies, formed but one body under one general ſovereign.

"THUS the blood of Montezuma, for a long time obſcured and concealed, again mounted the throne. All theſe monarchs are patriot princes, who have no other object than the maintainance of public liberty. This great man, this renowned legiſlator, this negro, in whom nature had exerted all her force, has inſpired them with his great and virtuous ſpirit. Theſe vaſt ſtates repoſe and flouriſh in a perfect concord, the ſlow, but infallible work of reaſon. The ravages of the ancient world, their cruel and childiſh wars, the rivers of blood idly waſted, and the ſhame for having cauſed them; in a word, the folly of ambition, plainly demonſtrated, has been ſufficient to induce the new continent to make peace the titular deity of their country. In our day, a war would diſhonour a ſtate, as robbery diſhonours a private perſon." I continued to read and liſten.

PARA-

PARAGUAY, from the city of the Aſſumption, the . . . . .

WE have juſt held a ſolemn feaſt, in memory of the abolition of that diſgraceful ſlavery to which this nation had been reduced, under the deſpotic empire of the Jeſuits. For ſix centuries paſt, we have regarded it as a ſpecial favour of Providence that enabled us to drive out thoſe wolf-foxes from their laſt retreat. This nation, however, is not ingrate, for it acknowledges the advantage of being raiſed from wretchedneſs and inſtructed in agriculture and the arts by thoſe Jeſuits. Happy, if they had contented themſelves with inſtructing mankind, and giving them ſacred laws of morality.

* * *

From PHILADELPHIA, the capital of Penſylvania, the . . . .

THIS province, where humanity, faith, liberty, concord, and equality, have taken refuge for more than eight hundred years, is covered with the moſt elegant and flouriſhing cities. Virtue has performed more here than has courage among other nations. Thoſe generous

nerous quakers (*a*), the moſt virtuous of mankind, by affording to the world a people that are all brethren, have ſerved as a model to hearts that have become humanized by their example. We know that they have been able, from the time of their origin, to give mankind a thouſand examples of generoſity and beneficence. It is well known that they were the firſt who refuſed to ſhed the blood of man; and that they regard war as a weak and barbarous frenzy. It is they that have undeceived thoſe nations who were the miſerable victims of the quarrels of their kings. They have juſt publiſhed their

(*a*) How can the princes of the North refrain from covering themſelves with immortal glory by baniſhing ſlavery from their dominions, by reſtoring to the labourer of the land at leaſt his perſonal liberty? How can they be deaf to the cry of humanity, which conſtantly excites them to that act of glorious beneficence? By what motive can they be induced to hold in an odious ſervitude, and one that is contrary to their real intereſt, the moſt induſtrious part of their ſubjects, when they have before their eyes the example of thoſe quakers who have given liberty to all their negro ſlaves? How is it poſſible for them not to be ſenſible, that their ſubjects will be more faithful by being more free: and that they muſt ceaſe to be ſlaves ere they can become men?

annual

annual exhortation, in which are contained those practical virtues, which set to their faith the seal of perfection.

* * *

MOROCCO, the ....

WE have discovered a comet that is going toward the sun. This is the three hundred and fifty-first that has been observed since the erecting of our observatory. The observations made in the interior parts of Africa, correspond exactly with ours.

THEY have put to death an inhabitant who had assaulted a Frenchman, in conformity to the ordinance of our sovereign, whose will it is that every stranger shall be regarded as a brother who is come to visit his intimate friends.

* * *

SIAM, the ....

OUR navigation makes a most astonishing progress. We have launched six vessels of three decks, which are destined for long voyages.

OUR king presents himself to all that desire to behold his august person. There is not a

more affable monarch exiſting, eſpecially when he reſorts to the pagod of the great Sommonacodom.

THE white elephant is kept at the menagery, but merely as an object of curioſity, as he is perfect in the exerciſe of the riding-ſchool.

* * *

From the COAST of MALABAR, the . . .

THE widow . . . . who is young, handſome, and adorned with every accompliſhment, has ſincerely deplored the death of her huſband, who was burned alone; and after mourning, more in her heart than in her dreſs, has been re-married to a young, man by whom ſhe is alſo tenderly beloved. This new connection has rendered her ſtill more reſpectable to all her fellow-citizens.

* * *

From the LAND of MAGELLAN, the. . . .

THE twenty fortunate iſlands, who lived, without knowing it, in all the innocence and happineſs of the firſt age, are lately united; they now form an aſſociation truly fraternal and reciprocally uſeful.

From the LAND of PAPOS (*a*), the...

As we advance into this fifth part of the world, our diſcoveries become every day more extenſive and intereſting. We are ſurpriſed at its riches, fertility, and its numerous inhabitants, who here live in continual peace. They may juſtly diſdain our arts; their morality is ſtill more admirable than their phyſics. The ſun, in all theſe immenſe regions, more extenſive than Aſia and Africa united, beholds not one unfortunate being; while Europe, ſo diminutive, ſo poor, and divided into ſo many parts, has almoſt hardened her ſoil with human bones.

* * *

From the Iſland of TAITI, in the South Sea, the....

WHEN M. Bougainville diſcovered this happy iſland, where reign the manners of the golden age, he did not fail to take poſſeſſion of it in the name of his maſter. He at laſt re-embarked, and took with him a Taitian, who in 1770 attracted the curioſity of Paris for a week. It was not then known that a French-

(*a*) The land of Papos is four thouſand leagues diſtant from Paris.

man, induced by the beauty of the climate, the candour of its inhabitants, and ſtill more by the miſery which threatened that innocent people, concealed himſelf at the time his comrades embarked. The veſſel had no ſooner diſappeared, than he preſented himſelf to the people; he aſſembled them in a large plain, and made the following ſpeech:

"I have choſe to remain among you for my "own happineſs, and for yours. Receive me as "a brother; you will ſee that I deſerve that ti- "tle, as I offer to ſave you from a moſt horrid "calamity. O happy people, who live in all "the ſimplicity of nature! little do you think "of the miſeries that threaten you! Theſe "ſtrangers you have entertained, and who "ſeemed ſo polite, whom you have loaded with "civilities and preſents, and whom at this mo- "ment I betray, if it be treachery to prevent the "ruin of a virtuous people; theſe ſtrangers, "my countrymen, will ſoon return, and bring "with them all thoſe plagues that afflict other "countries; they will infect you with poiſons "and maladies of which you have no concep- "tion;

" tion ; they will load you with fetters ; and,
" by their cruel arguments, they will prove it
" to be for your advantage. Behold this pyra-
" mid they have erected, which declares, that
" this land is already dependent on them, and
" marks you as the ſubjects of a monarch, of
" whoſe very name you are ignorant. You are
" all deſtined to obey new laws. They will
" ſtrip the harveſt from your lands, will deſpoil
" your trees of their fruit, and ſeize on your
" perſons. That happy equality which reigns
" among you will be aboliſhed. Perhaps, your
" blood will bathe thoſe flowers that now bend
" under the weight of your innocent embraces.
" Love is the god of this iſland ; it is conſecrat-
" ed, ſo to ſay, to his worſhip. Hatred and Ven-
" geance will take his place. You are yet even
" ignorant of the uſe of arms ; they will teach
" you what is war, murder, and ſlavery. . ."

At theſe words, the people turned pale, and remained fixed in aſtoniſhment. Thus a company of children, interrupted in the midſt of their pleaſing ſports, will be ſeized with terror, when a dreadful voice ſhall tell them the world

is at an end, and make them ſenſible of calamities that their tranquil minds had never conceived.

THE orator continued, "People, whom I "love, and for whom my heart yearns! There is "yet a way to preſerve your liberty and your "happineſs. Let every ſtranger that lands on "your coaſt be ſacrificed to the ſafety of your "country. The decree is cruel; but the love "of your children and of your poſterity ſhould "make you embrace it. You would be more "ſhocked, were I to relate to you the horrid "cruelties that the Europeans have exerciſed "toward people, who, like you, were weak and "innocent. Guard yourſelves againſt the con-"tagious breath that proceeds from their lips; "even their very ſmiles are ſignals of the miſe-"ries with which they intend to overwhelm "you."

THE heads of the nation aſſembled, and by an unanimous voice inveſted him with the chief authority who had been their general benefactor, by preſerving them from ſuch horrible calamities. The decree of death againſt every ſtranger

ſtranger was executed with a virtuous and patriotic rigour; as it was formerly in Taurida, by a people in appearance as innocent, but jealous of forming any connection with nations who were ſkillful in arts, but at the ſame time, cruel and tyrannic.

THEY write, that this law has been lately aboliſhed, becauſe, by repeated informations, they have learned that Europe is no longer the enemy of the other four parts of the globe; that it does not now attack the liberty of peaceful nations far diſtant from it; that it is not ſhamefully jealous of the power of its ſeveral ſovereigns; that it is ambitious of forming friends, and not making ſlaves; that its veſſels go in ſearch of examples of ſimple and refined manners, and not of contemptible riches, &c. &c. &c.

* * *

PETERSBURGH, the....

THE moſt noble of all titles is that of legiſlator. A ſovereign then approaches neareſt to the Divinity, when he gives ſagacious and durable laws to a nation. We ſtill repeat with

rapture the auguſt name of Catherine II. We no longer talk of her conqueſts and her triumphs, but of her laws. Her ambition was to diſſipate the darkneſs of ignorance, and to ſubſtitute, in the room of barbarous cuſtoms, laws dictated by humanity. More happy, more glorious than Peter the Great, becauſe more humane, ſhe applied herſelf, notwithſtanding all oppoſite examples, to make her people flouriſhing and happy; which they were, in defiance of public and domeſtic ſtorms that ſhook her throne. By her courage, ſhe was enabled to fortify a crown that the univerſe beheld with pleaſure on her brow. We muſt go very far back into antiquity to find a legiſlator of equal dignity and ſagacity.—The chains that bound the labourers of the land were broken. She raiſed her front, and ſaw them with delight exalted to the rank of men. The fabricators of luxury no longer found their profeſſions more lucrative or more honourable. The genius of humanity cried aloud to all the inhabitants of the North, *Men! be free; and remember future generations, that it is to a woman you owe all the happineſs you enjoy.*

At the laſt numbering of the inhabitants of all the Ruſſias, they amounted to forty-five millions of people. In 1769, they counted only fourteen millions; but, by the ſagacity of the legiſlator, her humane code of laws, and the throne of her ſucceſſors being firmly eſtabliſhed, by their generoſity and affability, the population of this empire is become equal to its extent, which is greater than that of Auguſtus or Alexander. The conſtitution of government, moreover, is no longer military; the ſovereign calls himſelf only autocrate, the univerſe in geral is too enlightened to bear the former odious government (*a*).

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WARSAW, the . . . .

An anarchy the moſt abſurd and injurious to the rights of man, who is born free, and the moſt oppreſſive to the people, no longer troubles Poland. The renowned Catherine II. had

(*a*) He who had ſaid fourſcore years ſince, that at Peterſburgh they would, at this time, follow our modes, our perukes, our coifs, and comic operas, would certainly have paſſed for a madman. We muſt patiently conſent to to be called fools, when we publiſh ideas that extend beyond the horizon of the vulgar. All things in Europe tend to a ſudden revolution.

formerly a wonderful influence over the affairs of this kingdom; and they ſtill remember with gratitude, that it was ſhe who gave to the peaſant his perſonal liberty, and the property of his effects. The king died at ſix laſt night: his ſon mounted the throne in peace the ſame evening, and received the homage of all the palatine nobles.

* * *

CONSTANTINOPLE, the . . .

IT was a great happineſs for the world when the Turk, in the eighteenth century, was driven out of Europe. Every friend to humanity rejoiced at the fall of that baneful empire, where the monſter Deſpotiſm was careſſed by the infamous baſhaws, who only proſtrated themſelves before him, that they might exceed his horrid oppreſſions. The ſons, a long time exiled, re-entered the poſſeſſions of their fathers, not dejected, but triumphant, robuſt, in a ſtate to improve them. The uſurpers of the throne of the Conſtantines ſunk into the bogs of their ancient marſhes; and thoſe barriers that Superſtition, and its inſeparable and dreadful colleague, Tyranny, had placed againſt

gainſt reaſon and the arts, from the rivers Save and the Danube, to the borders of the ancient Tanais, were broke down by a people of the North, with the iron hand that ſupported them. Philoſophy again appeared in her original ſanctuary, and the country of Themiſtocles and Miltiades again embraced the ſtatue of Liberty: It roſe as bold and noble as in thoſe fair days when it ſhone in all its ſplendor, and with a power extended over all its original domain. There was no more ſeen a Sardanapalus ſleeping, oppreſſed by the weight of barbarities, cauſed by a viſier and a bow-ſtring, while his vaſt dominions, deſpoiled and languiſhing, were plunged in the ſleep of death.

THE animating breath of liberty now gives them freſh vigour. It has a creative ſpirit that produces prodigies unknown to ſlaviſh nations. The dominions of the Grand Signior were at firſt poſſeſſed by his neighbours; but two centuries after they formed a republic, that commerce renders flouriſhing and formidable.

THEY have given a grand maſquerade, where formerly was the ſeraglio; the moſt delicious wines, and every other refreſhment, was there provided, with a profuſion that did not in the leaſt interfere with the moſt refined delicacy. The following evening they repreſented the tragedy of Mahomet, in the theatre built on the ruins of the ancient moſque called St. Sophia.

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ROME, the . . . (*a*).

THE emperor of Italy has received at the Capitol, the viſit of the biſhop of Rome, who very

(*a*) How execrable is the name of Rome to my ears! How fatal has been that city to the univerſe! From its firſt foundation, owing to a handful of ruffians, how faithful has it been to its original inſtitution. Where ſhall we find a more voracious, ſubtle, and inhuman ambition? It hath extended the chains of oppreſſion over the whole known world. Neither ſtrength, nor valour, nor the moſt heroic virtues, has been able to preſerve mankind from ſlavery. What demon has preſided over its conqueſts, and precipitated the flight of its eagles! O, fatal republic! What monſtrous deſpotiſm has ever had ſuch deteſtable effects! O Rome, how I hate thee! What a people are they who go about the earth deſtroying the liberties of others, and at laſt deſtroy their own! What a people

very reſpectfully offered up his prayers to heaven for the preſervation of that monarch's days, and

a people were they, who, when ſurrounded by all the arts, could enjoy the entertainment of gladiators, fix a curious eye on the wretch whoſe blood guſhed forth, and required the victim to aſſume an unconcern for death, to give the lie to nature in his laſt moments, by appearing delighted with the applauſe of myriads of barbarous hands! What a people were they, who, after having aſſumed an unjuſt dominion over the univerſe, could ſuffer, without complaining, ſo many emperors to rule them with a rod of iron, and who ſhewed a ſervility as baſe as their tyranny had been arrogant. But all this was trifling. A ſuperſtition, the moſt abſurd and moſt ridiculous, aſſumed in its turn, the throne of deſpotic power, and had for her miniſters Ignorance and Barbarity. After Rome had devoured mankind in the name of its country, it devoured them in the name of God. Then blood was ſhed for the chimerical ſervice of heaven, a cruelty of which the world had produced no inſtance. Rome was the infectuous gulf from whence exhaled thoſe fatal opinions that divided mankind, and armed them againſt each other for phantoms. Soon it engendered, under the name of pontiffs, who called themſelves the vicars of God, the moſt odious monſters. When compared with thoſe tygers that bore the keys and the triple crown, Caligula, Nero, and Domitian, were but vulgar villains. The people, as if ſtruck by a petrifying rod, vegetated a thouſand years under a deſpotic theocracy. The ſacerdotal empire covered all, concealed all in its darkneſs. Human beings no longer exiſted

and the prosperity of his dominions (*b*). The bishop returned on foot, with all the humility existed but to obey the decrees of a deified mortal. He spoke, and his voice was the commanding thunder. Then were seen croisades, a tribunal of inquisitors, proscriptions, anathemas, excommunications: invisible thunders, that were hurled to the ends of the earth. Those Christians, with faith and rancour in their hearts, were not able to satisfy themselves with murders: a new world, a world entire, was necessary to glut their rage. They would compel mankind by force to adopt their chimeras. It was the image of the cross that was the signal for those horrible devastations: wherever it appeared, blood flowed in torrents: and even at this day the same religion authorises the slavery of wretches, who search, in the entrails of the earth, that gold of which Rome is the most shameless idolater.

Thou city of seven hills! what swarms of calamities have issued from thine infernal womb! What art thou? Whence deriveſt thou thy power over this unhappy globe? Has the maleficent Arimanis, the origin of evil, fixed his seat within thy walls? Art thou the gate at which misfortunes enter? Do thy foundations touch the roof of hell? When will that fatal talisman be broken, which, though it has lost somewhat of its power, is still so baneful to mankind? O Rome, how I hate thee! May at least the memory of thy iniquities remain! may it constitute thy infamy, and never be effaced! and may every heart, burning with just indignation, be filled, like mine, with horror at thy name!

(*b*) The throne of despotic power is fixed on the altar, which only supports it to swallow it up.

of

of a true ſervant of God. All thoſe beautiful antique monuments that were caſt into the Tyber, where they have lain buried for ſo many years, have been lately taken up and placed in different parts of Rome. They have found means of recovering them without infecting the air with any dangerous exhalation.

THE biſhop of Rome is continually employed in forming a code of rational and affecting morality. He has publiſhed the Catechiſm of human reaſon. He particularly applies himſelf in furniſhing a new degree of evidence to thoſe truths that are of real importance to man. He keeps a regiſter of all generous, charitable, and illuſtrious actions; he makes them public, and characteriſes every ſpecies of virtue. Judge of kings and of nations, by virtue of his ardent love for humanity, he reigns by that inviſible empire which inveſts him with the ſpirit of wiſdom, of juſtice, and truth. He ſoftens, he conciliates the differences of mankind. His bulls, wrote in all languages, announce not obſcure, uſeleſs dogmas, or ſentences of eternal diviſions, but expatiate on the attributes of the Divinity,

vinity, of his univerſal preſence, of the life to come, and the ſublimity of virtue. The Chineſe, the Japaneſe, the inhabitants of Surinam and Kamſchatka, read them with edification.

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NAPLES, the ....

OUR academy of belles lettres has given the prize to a candidate named ——. The ſubject was, an exact determination of what cardinals were in the eighteenth century, the principles and manners of that extraordinary ſort of men: what paſſed in the priſon of the conclave, and the preciſe time when they became again what they were in the infancy of Chriſtianity. The ſucceſsful author has fully ſatisfied the inquiries of the academy. He has even given a deſcription of the cap and red hat. This diſſertation is not leſs entertaining than elaborate.

THEY have repreſented at a booth in the fair the farce of St. Januarius, which was formerly treated in ſo ſerious a manner. All the world knows that his blood was ſuppoſed to liquify every year. They have parodied this ridiculous ſtory in a manner highly comic.

THE

THE treaſures of our Lady of Lorretto (*a*), that uſed to be employed in feeding and clothing the poor, have been lately applied to the conſtructing an aqueduct, as there are no longer any poor. The riches of the ancient cathedral of Toledo, deſtroyed in the year 867, ought to be applied to the ſame purpoſe. See on this ſubject the learned diſſertations of——, printed in 1999.

* * *

MADRID, the . . .

ENACTED, that no perſon ſhall take the name of Dominic, as it is that of the barbarian

(*a*) For fifteen centuries paſt we have ſeen ſcarce any other public buildings in all Europe than Gothic churches, with high-pointed ſteeples. The pictures we there ſee offer very few ſubjects but what are hideous and diſguſtful. But what monaſteries richly endowed! What opulent univerſities! What aſylums open to idleneſs and a theological jargon! It was, however, at the time the people were in the greateſt poverty, that the ſecret was found of erecting theſe ſumptuous cathedrals and monaſteries. How flouriſhing would thoſe nations have been, if they had employed in aqueducts and canals, thoſe immenſe ſums that were ſquandered away in enriching prieſts and nuns?

who

who formerly eſtabliſhed the inquiſition (*b*). Enacted, that the name of Philip II. ſhall be eraſed from the liſt of the Spaniſh monarchs.

THE ſpirit of induſtry is every day more manifeſt, by the uſeful diſcoveries they make in all the arts. The academy of ſciences have juſt given a new ſyſtem of electricity, founded on more than twenty thouſand ſeparate experiments.

* * *

LONDON, the . . .

THIS city is three times as large as it was in the eighteenth century. The whole ſtrength of the nation may reſide, without any ill conſequence, in the capital, as commerce is the ſoul of it, and the commerce of a repub-

(*b*) Every mind in which fanatiſm has not ſtifled all ſentiments of humanity, muſt be diſtracted with indignation and pity on the thought of thoſe barbarities, thoſe ſtudied tortures that religious fury has incited men to invent. The ſtories of Canabals and Anthropophagi are leſs horrible. Torquemada, inquiſitor of Spain, boaſted of having deſtroyed, by fire and ſword, more than fifty thouſand heretics. We every where find bloody traces of that religious ferocity, Is that the divine law which calls itſelf the ſupport of politics and morality!

lican

lican people does not draw after it thoſe fatal evils that attend a monarchy. England conſtantly maintains its ancient ſyſtem. It is good, becauſe it enriches, not the monarch, but the people; from whence ariſes that equality which prevents exceſſive opulence and exceſſive miſery.

THE Engliſh are conſtantly the firſt people in Europe. They enjoy the ancient glory of having offered to their neighbours, an example of that form of government which becomes men jealous of their rights and their happineſs.

THEY no longer regard the anniverſary of the death of Charles I. They are more perfect in their politics. A new ſtatute of Cromwell has been lately erected; the colours of the marble are ſo intimately blended, that it is hard to ſay whether it be black or white. The aſſemblies of the people will be hereafter held in the preſence of this ſtatue, as that great

great man was the real author of their happy and immutable conſtitution (*a*) *.

THE Scotch and Iriſh have preſented a petition to parliament, that the names of Scotland and Ireland may be aboliſhed, and that they may make but one body, ſpirit, and name, with the Engliſh, as they are one by that patriotic ſpirit with which they are animated.

* * *

VIENNA, the . . .

AUSTRIA, who has ever provided Europe with a race of amiable princeſſes, announces, that ſhe now has ſeven marriageable beauties, who will eſpouſe thoſe princes of the earth that have given the faireſt proofs of tenderneſs for their people.

(*a*) J. J. Rouſſeau attributes the ſtrength, the ſplendor, and liberty of England to the deſtruction of thoſe wolves with which it was formerly infeſted. Happy nation! It has drove away wolves a thouſand times more dangerous, and ſuch as ſtill deſolate other countries.

* *Many objects look beſt at a diſtance; it would be happy for us if we could ſee our country from the ſame point of light with this foreigner.*

from

* * *

From the HAGUE, the . . .

THIS laborious people, who have made a garden of a ſoil the moſt marſhy and barren, who have brought all the productions ſcattered over the earth to a ſpot that ſcarcely produces a flint, are inceſſantly exerciſing their ſurpriſing induſtry, and ſhowing the world, what fortitude, patience, and perſeverance can perform. An extreme thirſt for gold no longer prevails among them. This republic has become more powerful by diſcovering thoſe ſnares that were ſecretly intended to deſtroy it. They found that it was more eaſy to ſet bounds to the enraged ocean, than to reſiſt an inſidious metal; and they now defend themſelves with as much reſolution againſt luxury as againſt the aſſaults of the ſea.

* * *

PARIS, the . . .

TWELVE veſſels, of ſix hundred tons each, are arrived at this capital, and have brought plenty of proviſions. We now eat fiſh without paying ten times the original value. The new

new bed of the Seine, dug from Rouen to this city, requiring ſome reparations, they have aſſigned the ſum of a million and a half of livres, to be taken from the public treaſury. That ſum will be ſufficient, as they make no uſe of regiſters or undertakers.

A MOST devouring, inſolent, puerile, capricious, and enormous luxury, no longer reigns on the borders of the Seine; but one that promotes induſtry, that creates new commodities, and adds to our conveniences; a uſeful and neceſſary luxury, ſo eaſy to be diſtinguiſhed, and which ought never to be confounded with that of pride and oſtentation, which inſults the ſtation of the common people, and tends to render it wretched by its effects and example (*a*).

THEY

(*a*) When ſhall we ceaſe to ſee that monſtrous inequality of fortunes, that exceſſive opulence, which produces ſo much extreme indigence, and is the ſource of all our crimes! When ſhall we ceaſe to ſee the poor labourer, unable to relieve himſelf by his induſtry, from a miſery in which he is held by the very laws of his country! Another ſtretching forth a trembling hand, fearful at once of the looks and the repulſe of his fellow-mortal! When ſhall

THEY have repaired the ſtatue of Voltaire, which the literati, the moſt diſtinguiſhed by their talents and their probity, erected while he was yet living. His right foot is placed on the ignoble front of F***; but as the public contempt has much disfigured the face of that Zoilus, they would repair it in a manner that ſhall ſhow all ſenſeleſs critics the fate that will attend them. As they have not preſerved the portrait of that ſcribler, who wrote a periodical work for bread; they want to know the head of what baſe, envious, and malignant animal they ſhall put in its ſtead?

THE Pariſians have now juſt notions of their natural, civil, and political rights. They no longer ſtupidly imagine that they have aſſigned to another the property of their perſons and

ſhall we ceaſe to ſee thoſe monſters, that turn away their heads, and refuſe him a morſel of bread! When will thoſe very men ceaſe to famiſh a city, by making the proviſions as dear as in a town that is beſieged! But the finances are exhauſted, commerce in general ſinks, the nation is harraſſed with miſeries; all ſuffers, and the manners of people conſequently ſuffer a horrid depravation. Alas! alas!

effects.

effects. They are ſtill fond of bon mots, of of ſongs and vaudevills; but they have learned, at the ſame time, to give a ſolidity to thoſe pleaſantries.

* * *

I TURNED and returned theſe looſe ſheets; I ſtill ſought ſomething curious. I looked for the article Verſailles, but my eager ſight could never find it. The maſter of the houſe perceived my embarraſment, and aſked me what I ſought. The moſt interreſting article in the world, I replied; news from the place where the court commonly reſides; in ſhort, the article of Verſailles; ſo particular, ſo various, and intereſting in the French gazette (*a*). He ſmiled and ſaid; "I know not what is become of the French gazette, ours is that of truth, and is never guilty of the ſin of omiſſion. Our monarch conſtantly reſides in the capital. He is ſurrounded by the regards of the peo-

(*a*) How ſevere a ſcourge is printing, when it tells a whole nation, that, on ſuch a day, ſuch a man put on at court the habit of a ſlave! That another diſhonoured himſelf with all the pomp imaginable! And that a third had at length obtained the reward of his infamous conduct! What a collection of inſipidities! What a groveling wretched ſtyle?

ple.

ple. His ear is conſtantly open to their cries. He does not hide himſelf in a ſort of deſart, ſurrounded by a herd of gilded ſlaves. He reſides in the center of his dominions, as the ſun in the center of the univerſe. That, moreever, is a bridle that holds him within the courſe of his duty. He has no other way to learn all that he ought to know, than by that univerſal voice which pierces directly to his throne. To check that voice would be to rebel againſt the laws; for the monarch is made for the people, and not the people for the monarch.

CHAP. XVI.

The Funeral Oration of a Peaſant.

CURIOUS to ſee what was become of that Verſailles, where I had formerly beheld on one ſide, the ſplendor of a king in the higheſt degree of oſtentation; and on the other, a race of clerks, inſolent ſcribblers, extending their impertinent idleneſs to the higheſt degree poſſible. I dreamt, that like Joſhua, I ſtopped the courſe of the ſun, as it

was haſtily declining; it ſtood ſtill at my prayer, as at that of the Jewiſh general; and my intention was, I think, leſs criminal than his.

I was on the road in a carriage, that was not a pot-de chambre (*a*). Paſſing by a village I ſaw a company of peaſants, their eyes dejected and wet with tears, who were entering a temple. The ſight ſtruck me; I ordered the carriage to ſtop, and followed them in. I ſaw in the middle of the temple the corpſe of an old man, in the habit of a peaſant, whoſe white hairs hung down to the ground. The paſtor of the village mounted a ſmall eminence, and ſaid;

" My fellow countrymen,

" The man you here ſee was for ninety " years a benefactor to mankind. He was the " ſon of a huſbandman, and in infancy his " feeble hands attempted to guide the plough. " As ſoon as his legs could ſupport him, he " followed his father in the furrows. When

(*a*) This is the name given to the hackney coaches that go between Paris and the court. They are commonly filled with valets, that go to Verſailles in ſearch of plunder, and may therefore properly be ſaid to carry the dregs of France.

" years had given him that strength for which
" he long wished, he said to his father, Cease
" from your labours: and from that time, each
" rising sun has seen him till the ground,
" sow, plant, and reap the harvest. He has
" cultivated more than two thousand acres of
" fresh land. He has planted the vine in all
" the country round about; and to him you
" owe those fruit-trees that nourish your village,
" and afford you shelter from the sun. It was
" not avarice that made him unwearied in his
" labours; no, it was the love of industry for
" which he was wont to say, man was born;
" and the great and sacred belief that God
" regarded him when cultivating his lands for
" the nourishment of his children.

" He married, and had twenty-five chil-
" dren. He formed them all to labour and
" to virtue, and they have all maintained an
" unblemished character. He has taken care
" to marry them properly, and led them, with
" a smiling aspect, to the altar. All his grand-
" children have been brought up in his house;
" and you know what a pure, unalterable joy
" dwells upon their countenances. All these

" brethren love one another, because he loved
" them, and made them see what pleasure he
" found in loving them.

" On days of rejoicing, he was the first to
" sound the rural instruments; and his looks,
" his voice, and gesture, you know, were the
" signals for universal mirth. You cannot but
" remember his gaiety, the lively effect of a
" peaceful mind, and his speeches full of sense
" and wit; for he had the gift of exercising
" an ingenious raillery without giving offence.
" He cherished order, from an internal sense
" he had of virtue. Whom has he ever re-
" fused to serve? When did he show him-
" self unconcerned at public or private mis-
" fortunes? When was he indifferent in his
" country's cause? His heart was devoted to
" it; in his conversation he constantly wished
" for its prosperity.

" When age had bent his body, and his
" legs trembled under him, you have seen him
" mount to the summit of a hill, and give les-
" sons of experience to the young husbandmen.
" His memory was the faithful depository
" of observations made during the course of

" four-

" fourscore successive years, on the changes of
" the several seasons. Such a tree, planted by
" his hand, in such a year, recalled to his me-
" mory the favour or the wrath of heaven. He
" had by heart what other men forget, the
" fruitful harvests, the deaths and legacies to
" the poor. He seemed to be endowed with
" a prophetic spirit, and when he meditated
" by the light of the moon, he knew with
" what seeds to enrich his garden. The even-
" ing before his death he said, My children, I
" am drawing nigh to that Being, who is the
" Author of all good, whom I have always
" adored, and in whom I trust. To-morrow
" prune your pear-trees, and at the setting of
" the sun, bury me at the head of my grounds.

" You are now, children, going to place
" him there, and ought to imitate his exam-
" ple. But, before you inter these white
" hairs, which have so long attracted respect,
" behold with reverence his hardened hands;
" behold the honourable marks of his long la-
" bours."

The orator then held up one of his cold hands. It had acquired twice the usual size by continual labour, and seemed to be invulner-

able

able to the point of the briar, or the edges of the flint. He then reſpectfully kiſſed the hand, and all the company followed his example.

His children bore him to the grave on three ſheaves of corn, and buried him as he had deſired, placing on his grave, his hedging-bill, his ſpade, and a plow-ſhare.

Ah! I cried, if thoſe men celebrated by Boſſuet, Flechier, Maſcaron, and Neuville, had the hundredth part of the virtue of this villager, I would pardon them their pompous and futile eloquence.

CHAP. XVII.

VERSAILLES.

I Arrived at Verſailles, and looked round for that ſuperb palace, from whence iſſued the deſtiny of many nations. What was my ſurprife! I could perceive nothing but ruins, gaping walls, and mutilated ſtatues; ſome porticos, half demoliſhed, afforded a confuſed idea of its ancient magnificence. As I walked over theſe ruins, I ſaw an old man ſitting upon the capital of a column. Alas! I ſaid to him, what is become of this vaſt palace? —"It

—" It is fallen."—How?—" It was cruſhed " by its own weight. A man in his impatient " pride would have here forced nature. He " haſtily heaped buildings upon buildings; " greedy of gratifying his capricious will, he " harraſſed his ſubjects; all the wealth of the " nation was here ſwallowed up; here flowed " a ſtream of tears to compoſe thoſe reſervoirs " of which there are now no traces. Behold all " that remains of that coloſſus which a million " of hands erected with ſo much painful " labour. The foundations of this palace were " laid in iniquity; it was an image of the " wretched greatneſs of him that built it (*a*). " The kings, his ſucceſſors, were obliged to

(*a*) We magnify thoſe pompous ſpectacles given to the Roman people; and from them we would infer the grandeur of that empire; but it was wretched when it began to exhibit thoſe faſtuous ſhews, in which the fruits of their victories were diſſipated with prodigality. Who built their circuſſes, their theatres, their baths? Who dug thoſe artificial lakes, where a whole fleet was exerciſed as in open ſea? Thoſe crowned monſters, whoſe tyrannic pride cruſhed one half of the people to divert the other. The enormous boaſted pyramids of Egypt are nothing more than monuments of deſpotiſm. Republics may conſtruct aqueducts, canals, highways, and public places; but every palace, that is erected by an arbitrary monarch, forms the foundation of an approaching calamity.

" fly

" fly from it, leſt they ſhould be cruſhed by " its fall. O, may theſe ruins cry aloud to all " ſovereigns; that they who abuſe a momen- " tary power, only diſcover their weakneſs to " future generations."—At theſe words, he ſhed a flood of tears, and turned his eyes to heaven with a mournful, repenting look. Why do you weep? I ſaid. All the world is happy, and theſe ruins by no means declare any public calamity. He raiſed his voice and ſaid: " Oh, how wretched is my fate! Know that I " am Lewis XIV. who built this rueful palace. " The Divine Juſtice has again allumined the " torch of my days, to make me contemplate " more nearly my deplorable enterprize. How " tranſient are the moments of pride! I muſt " now and for ever weep. O, that I had but " known (*a*)....." I was going to aſk him a queſtion, when one of the adders, with which this place ſwarmed, darted from a broken column, ſtung me on the neck, and I waked.

(*a*) Placed in the middle of Europe, commanding the ocean, and by the long extent and winding of its coaſts over the ſeas of Flanders, Spain, and Germany, communicating with the Mediterranean, &c. what a kingdom is France! and what people ſeem to have more right to be happy!

THE END.

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